

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XI. }

No. 1621. — July 3, 1875.

{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CXXVI.

## CONTENTS.

I. MORAL ESTIMATE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By F. W. Newman, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . .	2
II. THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS. Conclusion, . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . .	11
III. THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION: ITS SCIENTIFIC AIMS. By Robert Brown, M.A., PH.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., etc., . . . .	<i>Popular Science Review,</i> . . . .	27
IV. THE ARCTIC SHIPS, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	33
V. GIANNETTO. Conclusion, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	35
VI. LIFE, PAST AND FUTURE, IN OTHER WORLDS, . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . .	45
VII. THE INFLUENCE OF THE COURT, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	57
VIII. ITALY AND THE POPE, . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . .	59
IX. TWO VIEWS OF ANNIHILATION, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	61

## POETRY.

To "THE ETHEREAL RUSKIN," . . . .	2	UNGATHERED LOVE, . . . .	2
IN MEMORIAM, . . . .	2	A SEQUENCE OF ANALOGIES, . . . .	63



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

## TO "THE ETHEREAL RUSKIN," ETC.

## TO "THE ETHEREAL RUSKIN."

THERE lies above our grosser air  
A region of blue heaven fair,  
Too thin a feather's weight to bear, —

And there to souls like white snow driven  
From earth's rough waves a rest is given, —  
A harbour locked by lands of heaven.

Ah, to reach to it! Only one  
Of men I know beneath the sun  
Who to this home of rest has won.

All shapes of beauty he can see,  
All hues of bright divinity.  
Trust him! He cannot lie to thee!

For though betwixt dull earth and him  
Such clouds and mists deceptive swim,  
That to his eyes life's ways look dim;

Yet when on high he lifts his gaze,  
He sees the stars' untroubled ways,  
And the divine of endless days.

To us this star or that seems bright,  
And oft some headlong meteor's flight  
Holds for a while our raptured sight.

But he discerns each noble star;  
The least is only the most far,  
Whose worlds, may be, the mightiest are.

He marks not meteors that go by,  
Fired for one moment as they fly;  
He heeds not, knowing they must die.

How should he care what men may say,  
Who see no heaven day by day,  
And dream not of his hidden way?

He cares not, though they call him mad.  
Yet who would see his fellows glad,  
From sympathy with woe is sad.

And he is sad, not for himself,  
But for the inhuman lust of pelf;  
All knees bowed to one Baal, — Self.

'Tis vain to preach, and no men know  
The sweetness 'twere with him to go,  
Leaving our beaten life below.

So like a lovely vine he stands,  
That stretches sympathetic hands,  
To cling with all its thousand bands.

Yet, though, because no prop be nigh,  
Its yearning tendrils droop and die, —  
It stands, for it is stayed on high.

Spectator.

R. L. O.

## AN AUTHOR WANTED.

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

CAN any of your readers give me the name of the author of the following verses? I cut them from a newspaper, where they bore as their original date March 14, 1867:

## IN MEMORIAM.

Farewell! since never more for thee  
The sun comes up our eastern skies,  
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be  
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who for thy last, long sleep  
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore —  
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,  
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast  
On which the aching head was thrown,  
Gave up the weary head to rest,  
But kept the aching for its own.

New York, May, 1875.

R. J.

## UNGATHERED LOVE.

WHEN the autumn winds go wailing  
Through branches yellow and brown,  
When the grey sad light is failing,  
And the day is going down, —  
I hear the desolate evening sing  
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,  
And which no heart had for gathering.

I and my lover we dwell apart,  
We twain may never be one —  
We shall never stand heart to heart,  
Then what can be said or done,  
When winds, and waters, and song-birds sing  
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,  
And which no heart had for gathering?

When day is over and night descends,  
And dank mists circle and rise,  
I fall asleep, and slumber befriends,  
For I dream of April skies.  
But I wake to hear the silence sing  
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,  
And which no heart had for gathering.

When the dawn comes in with wind and rain,  
And birds awake in the eaves,  
And rain-drops smite the window-pane,  
And drench the eddying leaves, —  
I hear the voice of the daybreak sing  
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,  
And which no heart had for gathering.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MORAL ESTIMATE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY F. W. NEWMAN.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE opens his preface to "Alexander the Great, a Dramatic Poem," by informing us that in the last century it was thought philosophical to sneer at "the Macedonian madman," and moral to declaim against him as a bandit. The ancients, he says, made no such mistake. He proceeds to panegyricize Alexander as uniting the highest military genius with a statesmanship instinctive and unerring. His intellect, he tells us, was at once vast and minute. His aim was to consolidate the whole world into a single empire, redeemed from barbarism and irradiated with Greek science and art; an empire such that its citizens, *from the mouths of the Ganges to the pillars of Hercules*, should be qualified to learn from Plato and to take delight in Sophocles. It is not necessary to quote further from Mr. Aubrey de Vere. The above sufficiently shows what a picture he aims to hold up for our admiration, what impressions he desires his drama to leave on the minds of readers. In this article it is not purposed to discuss its poetical merits, which must be left to another pen and time, but to enter into the historical questions whether Alexander the Great was a beneficent or a malignant star to Greece and to mankind, and what sentiments are just concerning him. But it may concisely be said at once that the present writer is intensely opposed to Mr. de Vere's avowed judgment.

No one ever has grudged, and no one will ever grudge, praise to Alexander for military talent; but the talent was not that of a scientific general who plans a campaign, as a Von Moltke or even a Napoleon; it was only that of a quick-eyed Garibaldi or Condé. Generalship of the highest modern type was then impossible, for the plain reason that maps did not exist, and the roads which Alexander traversed were in every instance unknown to him. Not only was he without the means of forming previous plans

of operation; he was also destitute of storehouses and stores for feeding his troops, and of gold or silver to purchase food and remunerate their services. The Romans, who methodized war, accounted money to be its sinews (*pecuniam nervos belli*); but all agree that Alexander entered upon war against the opulent Persian monarchy with resources of money and stores of provisions utterly inadequate, so that nothing but instant and continuous success could save him from ruin. But, says Plutarch gaily, though his resources were so small and narrow, he gave away his Macedonian possessions freely to his comrades; houses to one, a field to another, a village to a third, harbour-dues to a fourth; and when some one asked, "O king, what do you leave for yourself?" he replied, "*Hopes!*" This was very spirited, no doubt. In the midst of a martial people, and from a prince barely of age, it may be thought very amiable; but with Grecian statesmen and philosophers the deusiveness of hope was a frequent topic. Nothing is plainer than that from the beginning Alexander was a gambler playing "double or quits," and that causes over which he had no control, and knew he had none, might at any moment have involved him in sudden overthrow. The unexpected death of Memnon as much as anything (says Arrian) ruined Darius's fortunes. No doubt it was just to count on the great superiority of Greek armour, Greek discipline, and Macedonian military tactics; also on the feebleness entailed on Persia by royal luxury and half-independent satraps. The successes of Xenophon and of Agesilaus had long familiarized the Greeks to the belief that a moderate Greek army was superior to a Persian host. Experienced Greek generals did not esteem the invasion of Persia to be a wild expedition; the congress of Greece, from which only the Spartans were conspicuously absent, deliberately sanctioned it. No one could foresee such a commencement as was the battle of the Granicus; every one in the retrospect judged Alexander's conduct rash in the extreme. That it succeeded we know, but Mr. de Vere has not said a

word to produce conviction that such conduct is that of a wise general.

The Persian satraps had assembled a force, powerful in cavalry, but in infantry very inferior to the Greeks, to prevent his crossing of this river, which, by the uncertainty of the bottom and steepness of the banks, was in itself formidable enough. The day was far gone, and Parmenio urged that the enemy would not dare to pass the night in proximity to Grecian infantry so superior. (Persian cavalry always dreaded a night attack, and systematically, according to Xenophon, passed the night some twelve miles distant from an enemy.) Hence the Greeks would be able to cross by night without opposition. The young king replied that, after crossing the Hellespont, it was disgraceful to be afraid of the little Granicus; and presently plunged into the stream, bidding his thirteen squadrons of cavalry to follow. The violence and depth of the water, the rugged banks, and the enemy awaiting him, rather incited than appalled Alexander. It seemed, says Plutarch, to be a strategy of despair, not of wisdom, and indeed to be the deed of a maniac. But the young king was certain of one thing—that wherever he led, his Macedonians would follow; and this fact was the impetus to all his military conduct. The Macedonians, from their long spears had advantage in close combat over the Persians who fought with swords; but darts and arrows from above were severely felt while they were in the river. Struggling up with difficulty through the mud, they could not keep any ranks and lines of battle, and the opposite squadrons became mixed, horse pushing against horse. The single helmet displayed Alexander to the enemy, and three eminent Persians hurried into personal conflict with him. According to Arrian, Alexander slew the first, received from the second a blow of the sword which cut off the crest of his helmet; nevertheless he too he slew with the Macedonian pike. The third would undoubtedly have killed Alexander had he not himself first been pierced through the body by the Macedonian Cleitus.

Not unlike was the conduct of the younger Cyrus in the battle of Cunaxa, as narrated by Xenophon; but Cyrus egregiously miscalculated in expecting his mercenary, the Spartan Clearchus, to obey orders. Cyrus impetuously rushed against the Persian king's body-guard, commanding Clearchus to support him. But Clearchus thought this a rash procedure, disobeyed, and allowed Cyrus to be surrounded and killed; thus sacrificing the whole object of the expedition, and exposing all the Greek troops to difficulties so severe that their ultimate escape appeared miraculous. Alexander's troops and Alexander's generals were of different mettle; on that he counted, and was never deceived. Fearless exposure of his own person was his mode of inciting them; but they quite understood the error and the mischief of such conduct. Even after the final overthrow of Darius, if Alexander had been slain in battle no one could measure the calamity which such an event might entail. Nevertheless he retained this habit of acting the part of soldier as well as of general, being many times severely wounded with swords, darts, arrows, and stones, until he narrowly escaped with life in his Indian campaign. Arrian gives the account in great detail. The wall was difficult to ascend. The king thought his soldiers deficient in spirit, seized a ladder, and himself climbed to the top. Alarm for his exposure made so many hurry tumultuously that their weight broke the ladders. Finding himself alone on the top of the wall, he leaped down on the other side, and, in spite of prodigies of valour, received a very dangerous arrow-wound in the breast. The Macedonians poured in after him just in time to save his life, which for days after was accounted doubtful. His friends severely reproached him for an imprudence which might have been the ruin of them all; and (says Arrian) he was greatly vexed, because he knew that their reproaches were just; but as other men are overcome by other vices, so was he by this impetus to fight. This being his habit, surely no more words are needed to show the character of his generalship.



Speed of movement, urgency in pursuit, were his two marked peculiarities ; but to these he added a marvellous quickness to perceive at the moment whatever the moment admitted. On this account he will ever be named among the greatest generals of antiquity, although he was never matched against troops at all to compare to his own, nor against any experienced leader.

Without for a moment undervaluing his high military qualities, we must not put out of sight the pre-eminent army which his able father had bequeathed to him. The western world had never before seen such an organization. A reader of Greek accustomed to Thucydides, Xenophon, and Demosthenes finds it hard to translate the new Greek phrases made necessary in King Philip's army. The elaborateness of modern times seems to come upon us suddenly. We find Guards, Horse-Guards, Foot-Guards, the King's own Body-Guard, the Vanguard, the King's Horse, the Cavalry, Equestrian Tetrarchies, the Agēma (which may seem to be the *Gros*, whether of an army or of each brigade), the Horse Darters, the Lancers, the Horse Archers, the Archers, the Forerunners (or Scouts ?), besides all the Infantry common in Greece ; and an apparatus for sieges, such as the old Assyrians and Egyptians display to us in sculpture and painting. The history of the transmission of this art is curious. We have no reason for supposing that the Persians ever used its higher mechanism, but the Phœnicians carried the knowledge of it to Carthage. The Carthaginians practised it elaborately in some of their Sicilian wars, and from them Dionysius of Syracuse learned it. Philip II. of Macedon is said to have imported it into Greece from Dionysius ; but his temperament was adverse to the use of force where bribery could effect his object. To him is imputed the saying, that he deemed no fortress to be impregnable if an ass laden with gold could climb up to the gate. He must have incorporated with his army sappers and miners, and men furnished with engines and ladders, skilled also in *ex tempore* construction ; for in his son's campaigns

these agencies come forth whenever they are wanted. It is quite unexplained how in his rapid marches through mountainous countries (as Caubul) he could carry with him huge machines that rained arrows on an enemy from a distance farther than a human arm could send them. The speed with which his engineers make bridges to cross rivers, even the great river Indus, takes one quite by surprise. Long skill and training is here presupposed. Under Alexander's successors the engines of siege attain a magnitude and importance previously unparalleled. Philip disciplined every class of troops to its own work, and from Thrace and Thessaly had men and horses beyond any previous Greek potentate. Greece had been accustomed to admire Spartan discipline ; but Spartan troops were nearly all of one kind, heavy infantry. They had scarcely any cavalry, and, with all their solid armour, were unable to stand against arrows, or even against slingers and darters. Before walls or ditches they were helpless. Yet Agesilaus had not found the Persians formidable. He never encountered such clouds of arrows as Mardonius showered on the Spartans at Platæa ; hence in general the Greeks feared Greek mercenaries fighting on the side of Persia far more than they feared Persians. Every Macedonian captain knew so well the superiority of a Macedonian army, that they counted on victory if only they could meet the foe in the field, whether a Philip, a Parmenio, or an Antipater was to be the general. This must be remembered in estimating Alexander's victories.

Plutarch, desirous of exalting Alexander, makes much of his boyish utterances, among which is one of jealousy against his father for too great success. "Why, boys," said he, "my father will leave me nothing to conquer." Everything which is told of him by his panegyrists points to the same intense egotism. To be a conqueror greater than his father, and to be a fighter equal to Achilles, and if possible to be celebrated by a poet as noble as Homer, was his ardent and constant aspiration. Alexander himself told

Darius plainly what were his motives for persevering in hostility. At least Arrian (who follows the accounts of Ptolemy, son of Lagus, and Aristobulus, one of Alexander's commanders) professes to have before him the actual despatch.\* After the battle of Issus, in which Darius's queen and young son and mother and other ladies had been captured, Darius wrote to ask Alexander that he would restore them, and accept from him *friendship and alliance*; for which he offered tull pledges, and begged for the same in turn. Alexander had treated the captive ladies with ostentatious honour; therefore a mild reply might have been hoped. Instead of this, from beginning to end the letter breathes reproach and defiance. In conclusion it says: "Since I have defeated, first thy generals and satraps, and next thee and the forces with thee; since I hold the country, and have now in my army numbers of those who fought on thy side, come to me as to him who is lord of all Asia; then thou shalt receive back thy mother, thy wife and children, and much beside, whatever thou canst persuade me by asking for it. But in future do not send to me as thine equal, but as the lord of all that is thine; else I shall regard thee as injurious." Such a repulse of friendly overtures, when Alexander had attained far more than any Greek hoped or wished, must surely be censured by every modern. Yet, before any new defeat was encountered, Darius made yet another attempt at peace. As Arrian tells it, while Alexander was engaged in the siege of Tyre, ambassadors came, offering to him ten thousand talents (say, two millions sterling) as ransom for the king's family; Darius was willing to yield to him the country *as far as the Euphrates*; he proposed that Alexander should accept his daughter in marriage, and that they should be friends and allies. The only reply of Alexander was "that he wanted no money of Darius, for he counted all Darius's money to be his own; he would not accept a part of the country instead of the whole; and if he wished to marry a daughter of Darius, he would take her by force without her father's leave." The historian who tells this does not seem to be aware how very inhuman was such a reply; no censure escapes him. As far as we can learn, to make Alexander great and glorious, is Alexander's motive ac-

cording to his own account. Mr. de Vere would persuade us that his aims were philanthropic. The notion is in itself wholly anachronistic.

Ambition, not philanthropy, down to the present time is the motive for conquest. Philanthropy does some times lead to annexation; we see an instance in the archipelago of Fiji, which has been accepted reluctantly, not conquered, by the rulers of England. So, we make no doubt, the incas of Peru benevolently accepted the responsibility of rule over various barbarian and scattered tribes, whom they presently attached to themselves by benefits. Instances of this kind exist in history, enough barely to show what is possible to human nature; but, alas! they are very rare. Where the philanthropic object is sincere, the sense of duty and responsibility is keen, and there is no coveting of territory and power, no claim that might makes right, no violence is used to establish the claim. To make armed invasion and attack on another country is an avowal that you are not seeking the welfare of the invaded, but some interests or imagined rights of your own or of your ally. Now, it is obvious in Greek literature that up to the time of Aristotle and Alexander no idea of international right existed. In the discourses reported by Xenophon we have no hint that Socrates thought a war of Greeks even against Greeks to need justification; and Aristotle lays down that, by the natural superiority of the Greek mind, barbarians are made for subjection to Greeks; and if they do not submit, they may rightly be forced to submission—in fact, as brute animals. When Aristotle so reasoned and so believed, we cannot expect any Greek prince, or any Greek republic, to have moral scruples against invading any foreigner. If, from a modern point of view, any one now call Alexander a "bandit," as Mr. de Vere complains, it is not on the bare ground that he was an invader; it must mean that he was a peculiarly reckless invader, who' with no motive then generally esteemed adequate, marked his course with blood and devastation. That is a question of detail. But up to that time the world had seen no right of territory or of empire asserted on any other argument than that of simple force. The great Darius, son of Hystaspes, piously records on his monuments the names of the successive nations which *God gave* to his sceptre. Hebrew princes spoke in the same tone

\* "The despatch of Alexander," says he, "STANDS THUS: *ὡς ἔχει.*"

concerning whatever conquests they could make on their narrower scale. None can now wonder or censure if Alexander, after the battle of Issus, says to Darius, "By my victory *God has given me* countries which were thine." The Persians had no title but force to the possession of Cilicia and Lydia; force might be repelled by force. From the earliest times the Greeks had swarmed out into colonies planted on the coast of Asia, without asking leave of Asiatic princes; but those princes no sooner became powerful than they endeavoured to recover the possession of their seaboard,\* and the Lydian dynasty at length absorbed into itself these Asiatic Greeks. When the Persians conquered Lydia, they naturally regarded the Greek coast as an integral part of their domain; but the Greeks, rejoicing in the fall of the Lydian suzerain, hoped for intire independence, and had to be re-subdued. The Athenians imprudently assisted them against Darius, and sent a body of troops which took part in the burning of Sardis, the capital of Lydia. No modern empire could wink at such an outrage; nor could King Darius; yet the Athenians always speak as though his war against them had been unprovoked. Each side knew the outrages it had suffered and forgot those which it had inflicted — a common case. Unless treaties and oaths forbade, war was received as the natural and rightful relation even in Greece itself between city and city.

But when ambition is the real undeniable motive of war, there are yet two kinds of ambition — personal and national. However much we may palliate, excuse, or even praise the latter, all good feeling, all morality, and all common sense unite severely to rebuke the former. No moral reasoner can justify the deeds of Warren Hastings or of Clive, yet we do not stigmatize the doers as vile men; Cicero may defend Fonteius, yet the reader sees that the defence amounts to this, that the oppressions complained of, if criminal, were violences perpetrated in the interests of Roman conquest, not for Fonteius's own enrichment or aggrandisement. Each nation is strong by patriotism. Patriotism seldom escapes a tinge of national vanity, and generally is deep dyed in absurd national self-esteem. One who sacrifices himself for the exaltation of his own people has in him the vital element of high vir-

tue, even though he may injuriously overlook the rights of other peoples; hence we can honour mere soldiers, faithful servants of a dynasty or of a powerful republic, when they wholly decline all judgment of the right or wrong of a war, and bestow their entire energies and their lives to exalt their nation and dynasty. The more signally the selfish element is suppressed, the higher is the honour due to them; but just in proportion as the selfish element is combined with unjust war, our moral estimate is turned the other way. If the separate commanders are encouraged to love war because it enables them to become rich by plundering the conquered, the war is demoralizing to the victors. If the king who decrees the war is aiming at the exaltation not of his own nation and race, but of his own individual person; if he is ready to trample his own people under foot, and set up the barbarian as equal or superior, as soon as *this*, in turn, conduces to his personal magnificence; and if at the same time he is utterly reckless of human life and suffering on *both* sides, whenever he has a fancy or a whim of glory — it is rather too great a strain on our credulity to hold him up to moral admiration. Now, in the case of Alexander we have to enquire, of which class was his ambition? Was he aiming to exalt himself, or his royal race, or to exalt Macedonia, or to exalt Greece? None of these alternatives contents Mr. de Vere, who says that Alexander was aiming to make Indians and Spaniards learn wisdom of Sophocles and Plato. But we must go into various details in order to get at the truth.

Alexander, in Greek belief, descended from Hercules on his father's side and from Achilles on his mother's. He might naturally be proud of each genealogy. The Macedonians were half-Thracian, and doubtfully Greek; but the Macedonian dynasty claimed to be Heracleid. Philip had satisfied the Olympian umpires of his right, as a genuine Greek, to send chariots and horses to contend for the prize, and was sincerely proud of the honour. Plutarch, a great admirer of Alexander, censures Philip for the pleasure which he took in the rivalry of cultivated Greek conversation, and for engraving on coins his Olympian victories; while the boyish Alexander, on the contrary, said "he must have kings for his rivals before he would enter any contest." Such royal airs did he give himself when he was but sixteen, that a jocose saying

\* Bord = edge, border; a different word from *board*.

became current: "Alexander is our king, and Philip only our general;" and Philip himself was pleased with it. But the politic Philip committed at last one imprudence; it was great and fatal. He had long been tired of his queen Olympias, as well he might be, for all agree that she was proud, intemperate, and violent. Plutarch believes the story that, as the poets tell of Thracian women, she practised Orphic and Bacchanalian enthusiasm, and was a zealot of "possessions," inspiration, or catalepsy, which the moderns do not easily believe to have been managed without drugs or wine. Be the cause what it may, she was very overbearing and unamiable. Alexander was moulded into pride by his mother, and was in general very much disposed to yield to her; but an utterance of his, after he was supreme in Asia, has been stereotyped: "My mother really charges me a very high rent for my ten months' lodging [in her womb]." Philip is said already to have had another wife, Eurydice (Arrian, iii. 6), but apparently Olympias still held the chief place as queen, until he became fascinated by a much younger lady, Cleopatra, who was introduced to the court in a magnificent wedding-feast. Her uncle, Attalus, when much the worse for wine, uttered an imprudent blessing on the marriage. Olympias flamed out with all the wrath of a Medea. Alexander expected to be disowned as successor to the throne and superseded by a new heir. He escaped with his mother into Epirus, and thence took refuge with the Illyrians. This was when he was about seventeen. With a slight turn of events his history might have been that of many Oriental princes—a son contending with his father for the throne. Philip, by kind messages, persuaded him to return; but Alexander was still jealous, and his new jealousy was of his brother Arrhidæus. Pexodorus, satrap of Caria, desired to give his daughter in marriage to Arrhidæus. Alexander, suspecting some treason in this, sent a private messenger to the satrap, dissuading the match, and asking why the young lady was not rather offered in marriage to *him*. Plutarch, who tells this, does not see how unamiable this makes Alexander towards his brother as well as his father. With his cousin Amyntas he had a deadly feud, because Amyntas, his elder, was son of Perdicas, who preceded Philip on the throne, and had ostensibly a higher claim to the succession than Alexander. All danger

of collision with Philip himself was removed by the assassin Pausanias, whom Olympias was believed by the public to have instigated.

The new reign opened with all the symptoms of a court-revolution. Noblemen who had gone into exile returned at once, among whom was Ptolemy, son of Lagus. Amyntas was put to death as a dangerous rival. Cleopatra's infant son suffered the same fate. Attalus, to whom Alexander was implacable for a drunken speech, had been sent forward by Philip with an army into Asia, but was there assassinated by Hecateus, Alexander's emissary. Cleopatra herself was "handled cruelly" by Olympias—words of Plutarch, which are generally interpreted to mean that she was put to death with bodily outrage.\* But when the violent deeds of princes are secret we must make allowance for credulous exaggerations of detail.

Though Alexander was proud of his descent from Hercules through his father, so quickly was his head turned by too rapid and dazzling success, that he presently disowned his father Philip, and wished to be accounted a son of Jupiter. This was the beginning of disgust to the Macedonians. His comrade and playmate Philotas, whom Philip had employed to reprove him for his foolish and wrongful meddling against the marriage of his brother Arrhidæus, wrote to him honest truth in Egypt, when first Alexander trumped up this monstrous fiction, and warned him of the mischief which he would do to himself by it. That Alexander never forgave him for his plain-speaking appears undeniable: for, years after, when Philotas was accused of complicity in a plot against Alexander's life, Alexander, rising in the council of chief Macedonians, bitterly accused Philotas of having been a traitor from the beginning, and adduced this letter as a proof of his early disaffection. Whether Philotas was, or was not, *at last* in complicity with the plot, it is not probable that the moderns will ever agree. Quintus Curtius condemns him; but the argument which Curtius puts into his mouth appears a complete and sufficient defence, and on this point makes him reply: "I wrote to the king direct; I did not write to others concerning the king;

\* Plutarch says that Alexander was very angry with his mother for her conduct to Cleopatra. One might interpret his words to mean that Olympias inflicted some bodily outrage that marred her beauty; but I fear that a still more terrible sense is truer.

I feared for him; I did not raise odium against him; my trust in friendship, and the dangerous freedom of giving true advice, have ruined me." Be the case of Philotas as it may, all the historians agree that Alexander insisted on the title *Son of Jupiter*, for which he had obtained the sanction of the oracle of Hammon by a very dangerous journey through the desert. On one remarkable occasion (Arrian, vii. 8), when the army was able to speak with a combined shout, by which no one should be singled out for vengeance, they cry to him that "they had best all return to Greece, and leave him to campaign in Asia by help of his *his father*"—meaning Jupiter Hammon, says the historian. Plutarch, who certainly does not censure him, says that "to the Persians he assumed the haughty tone of one who was quite convinced of his divine birth, but to the Greeks he was more moderate and sparing in his assumption of divinity, *except that* to the Athenians he wrote a letter concerning Samos saying: 'I, for my part, should not have given to you a free and glorious city [Samos]; but you have received it from him who then was master of it, and *used to be called my father*'—meaning Philip." But a king who could gratuitously write thus in a public despatch to the Athenians displayed a determination to enforce his preposterous claim.\* And here it is difficult to understand the liberty which Mr. Aubrey de Vere takes with history. He represents Alexander as speaking with contempt and disapproval of the mythical tale of his miraculous origin (p. 7):

Mark, Hephæstion!

The legend-mongers at their work! 'Twas  
thus

They forg'd in Macedon that tale prepost'rous,  
Scand'ulous alike to me and to my mother,  
Touching great Zeus.

Such a tale cannot have been invented before the battle of Issus, and Alexander himself eagerly adopted it (whoever was the inventor) within half a year after the battle. It is evident, therefore, that his head was turned by his sudden and vast success; and the Macedonians saw it.

\* A curious story is told, that the priest of Hammon tried to give an oracular reply in Greek; and not being deep in the Greek language, thought that *παῖδιον* for a *youth* ought to be masculine; so, instead of addressing Alexander by *ὦ παῖδιον*, O youth! or O my son! he said, *ὦ παῖδιος*; and Alexander, in Greek fashion, instantly "accepted the omen," declaring that the priest had addressed him by the title *ὦ παῖ Διός*, O child of Jupiter!

A second great disgust with them was his disparaging of his father Philip, especially over his wine-cups. The Macedonians were right loyal royalists and justly proud of Philip. He had raised their country from a very feeble to a predominant position. When he came to the throne Macedonia had but half a sea-coast, from the number of independent Greek cities. He had recovered all Macedonia and added Thrace to it, including Byzantium itself; had brought Thessaly and Phocis into his dominion; had defeated the Theban and Athenian forces by land, and made himself at sea equal or superior to Athens; had become master of Molossia and Pæonia, and was at length acknowledged as the genuine Greek prince, who was the only rightful leader of Greece. His army he had so organized as to make it unequalled, and by the consent of one and another State he had been allowed to garrison many of the most critical fortresses in Greece. What Macedonian captain could be willing to hear Philip the Great disparaged by his own son? All the old officers of Philip were indignant at it. The habit of the Macedonians, as of the Thracians, was that of much wine-drinking, and the king was expected to dine with his chief captains and ministers. It is a sufficient mark how national customs preponderate over talents and wisdom, that the father and son who in all Greek history are signal and pre-eminent were both gravely damaged by the wine-cup. Mr. de Vere is pleased to allude to it as Alexander's "*supposed* intemperance;" and no doubt Arrian tries to excuse him, as does Plutarch, on the ground that his tarrying over the wine was from love of company, not from sensuality. Of course; so it generally is. The historical form of drunkenness with Greeks, Romans, Persians, Gauls, Germans, and we readily believe also of Macedonians, was different from that of an English artisan who stands up at the bar of a gin-palace to enjoy his solitary glass. But the evidence of mischief from these Macedonian banquets is not to be sneered away. The beginning of ruin to the house of Philip was from the wedding-feast of the new queen Cleopatra; at which her uncle Attalus, when overfilled with wine,\* prayed "that the gods would give to Philip a *legitimate successor* by Cleopatra." "Am I then a bastard, you rascal?" cried young Alexander, and flung his cup† at

\* *ἐν τῷ πότῳ μεθύων.*

† "Scyphus pugnare, Thracum est," says Horace.



the head of Attalus. Philip rose in anger, and, sword in hand, tried to step across to his son; but his feet failed him, and he fell on the floor. "Here is a man," said the youth, "who is preparing to cross into Asia, and is upset in passing from one seat to another." Evidently Alexander, as well as Philip, was already the worse for wine; but that scene, in which he might have been slain by a tipsy father, must surely have impressed him deeply, if he remembered his own scoff. One who was planning to reorganize all Asia, one who knew the frightful mischiefs which a despotic king may inflict on himself as well as on others, when wine overmasters him, is not exempt from our moral criticism. The higher his intellect, the deeper is the censure deserved. But that Alexander was fond of wine, Plutarch regards as a fact, while he apologizes for it. Alexander's body, he says, had a delicious fragrance; no doubt from his hot and fiery nature; for heat brings out aromatic smells; and the same heat of body made Alexander addicted to drink and passionate (*καὶ ποτικὸν καὶ θυμωδῶν*). A history written of a king by another king, or by one of his generals, is not likely to allude to drunken bouts such as the customs of the nation sanctioned, except when special necessity required; yet wine in this Macedonian tale plays a part previously unknown in Greek history. The defence of Alexander rests on his love of conversation; but what was the talk which he most loved? The poison of flattery. Arrian, his defender, throws the fault upon those who extolled him as superior to Hercules and the other mythical heroes, and of course as far and far above his father Philip; but since Alexander never checked them, but manifestly enjoyed their praise, it necessarily became the staple of these feasts. At other times he was too busy to listen to such reptiles; the essential evil of his long sittings was, that there was plenty of time for him to drink in such adulation, to the ever-increasing disgust of Philip's old soldiers. Q. Curtius regards it as a certain fact that Alexander himself was fond of disparaging his father's deeds and exalting his own. The report of it even reached Italy, where his uncle Alexander of Epirus, who met his death in Italian battle, uttered an epigram which was re-echoed in Asia—that in Italy he had had to fight with *men*, but his nephew Alexander in Asia had alighted on *women*. No one can wonder that a king who in his boyhood was al-

ready comparing his own future deeds with those of his father, should inwardly boast to himself, after conquering Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt in less than two years, that he had far exceeded the deeds of Philip; and with each new success new vanity and new arrogance entered his heart. *In vino veritas*. After wine had sufficiently lessened his self-restraint, he was liable not merely to listen to praise from others, but to trumpet his own praise. The same wine sometimes affected the self-restraint of his comrades; and he surely must have foreseen each possibility.

Mr. de Vere wishes us to make light of his killing his faithful comrade Cleitus; and since Cleitus could not be brought to life again, and Alexander was shocked at his own deed, of course all the Macedonians tried to comfort the king, and to accuse Cleitus as having provoked his own death. Arrian, a profound royalist, is very severe upon Cleitus; yet the fact comes out that Cleitus's high words were elicited by the disparagement of King Philip, which Cleitus could not endure, whether from Alexander or from Alexander's flatterers. It is seldom indeed that one can attempt to guess the utterances of tipsy men; but if you cut short either the long story of Arrian or the still longer story of Q. Curtius, you get something like this as the result: "King Philip, my predecessor," says Alexander, "was nothing of a general compared to me. In twelve years he did not conquer half of what I conquered in twelve months." "Stop!" replies Cleitus; "remember that he never had the chance of fighting with Persians: he had to deal with stubborn Greeks. Besides, he never committed such a blunder as you did at the Granicus, where you nearly ruined us all, and nothing but this right hand saved your life." The last words Arrian regards as abominable and inexcusable from a soldier to a king; and so, no doubt, all the flatterers urged: the greater the truth, the worse the offence. But the absurdity is, to expect a man who is half tipsy to retain prudence and modesty. Alexander, according to his warm admirer Plutarch, was of a "furious and violent nature" (*βαρβατον καὶ φερόμενον σφοδρῶς*); and now, being full of wine, of course he was uncontrollable. When reminded that he owed his life to Cleitus, and virtually all his after-successes, he could not bear such an amount of indebtedness; and although all the armed men around, seeing his state, disobeyed his



orders, he succeeded in snatching a weapon from one of them, and with it laid Cleitus dead. Might not one have hoped that such a tragedy would forever have cured him of long drinking? But it did not. Indeed, Arrian, wishing to defend him, represents him as *already* somewhat corrupted into Asiatic depravity, implying that he was on the downhill track—not that we know anything so bad of Persian kings.

Another grievous offence to Macedonian feeling was, that he exacted of them prostration on the ground before him in Persian fashion. This was as detestable to Greeks as to Englishmen. It was emphatically the unmanly of free men. Æschylus puts into the mouth of Agamemnon the sentiment of every Greek:

Nor yet, in fashion of barbaric wight,  
Prostrate before me, mouth unmanly words.

There could not be a more decisive proof that Alexander intended to destroy every vestige of Greek sentiment and Greek freedom, and reduce them all to the level of Oriental slaves. Disaffection was inevitable; his noblest comrades were the most certain to disapprove; the basest took the opportunity of calumniating them, and ingratiated themselves with the king by slander. We cannot know the exact time of this and that detestable whisper, nor whether it be true that Alexander tampered with Philotas's mistress, and bribed her to report month by month whatever words of indignation Philotas might drop. Such is Plutarch's account, who indeed represents Philotas as put to torture, and Alexander behind a curtain listening to every word; and when, overcome by suffering, Philotas uttered piteous entreaties to Hephæstion the torturer, Alexander drew back the curtain and reproached Philotas with unmanliness. Plutarch in general is just and tender-hearted; yet he can tell this horrible story without seeing how odious it makes Alexander. Arrian cuts the tale of Philotas short, but relates on the authority of King Ptolemy that he was killed by the darts of the Macedonians—equivalent to the modern shooting of a soldier. On this comes a second deadly crime, to which Mr. Aubrey de Vere will hardly reconcile us. "Silly is he," said the Greek proverb, "who slays the father and spares the son." "Silly shall I be," argued Alexander, "if I kill Philotas

and leave his father Parmenio alive." Parmenio had conquered Media for the king, and was there at the head of a large army. Letters are therefore sent with the utmost speed, to three generals in high command, ordering them to assassinate Parmenio while he is engaged in reading certain despatches, which are sent to put him off his guard. That they were all base enough to obey proves how completely the Macedonian commanders were already enslaved; but the wrath of the common soldiers was extreme, and might have been dangerous. There can be no doubt that Alexander was now hated as much as he was feared.

The accusation against Philotas had risen out of a real conspiracy of the pages when Alexander was in Bactria, of which, it was alleged, Philotas had had knowledge. Philip had established the system of royal pages—youths of the noblest families, who waited on the king, acted as grooms, helped him to mount his horse, and hunted with him. On one occasion, when a dangerous wild boar rushed at the king, the page Hermolaus killed the animal with his dart. The king was enraged at losing his own chance of killing it, and ordered the page to be flogged. Such a reward for such a service was of course unendurable to a noble Macedonian youth, who at once vowed revenge. Whether he would actually have taken the king's life we cannot now ascertain. Other pages shared the indignation of Hermolaus. The evidence against them, according to Aristobulus, was swollen by Alexander's belief in the supernatural powers of a Syrian woman who was subject to "possessions," and was allowed access to the king day and night, to warn him of danger. She was believed to have saved his life from Hermolaus. One thing only is here clear—that he knew himself to be hated, and through his suspicions degraded himself to precautions at once pernicious and odious. One of the alleged conspirators, Dimnus, slew himself when he found what reports and beliefs were accepted; the rest were stoned to death, guilty or guiltless. For us it suffices to know that Alexander was definitely engaged in the task of trampling out the Greek sentiment of freedom from his own people. This is very unlike the task to which Mr. de Vere thinks he set himself, of redeeming the world from barbarism, and irradiating it with Greek science and art, with the wisdom of Plato and Sophocles. Callisthenes the philosopher had been

\* "For Alexander had already, in the matter of drinking-bouts, made innovation towards more barbaric manners."

the tutor of Hermolaus and a great favourite with him. The flatterers knew that Alexander dreaded his honesty and his courage, and they laid a plot to force him to deliver his opinion on the question of prostration before the king by questions over the wine. Arrian, who calls him clownish or rude (*ἀγροίκος*), gives his speech at great length; but no rudeness is apparent in it to us. He says that he honours Alexander as the first of men, but different honours are due to men and to gods; that prostration is fit honour to gods only; that Alexander would not approve of a low multitude voting a common man into the royal throne, nor can the gods be pleased with men voting a man into divine honours; that Darius, honoured by prostrations, was defeated by Alexander, to whom no prostrations had been used. Indeed, the great Cyrus, who first received such honour, had been chastised by the Massagetsans, and the great Darius by other Scythians, as Xerxes and the later kings by Greeks. This discourse, says Arrian, violently displeased Alexander, but was acceptable to the Macedonians. Callisthenes afterwards distinctly refused to prostrate himself. He now was accused of having incited the pages to their conspiracy. That the mode of his death was uncertain, Arrian regards as remarkable; for Aristobulus says he was put in fetters and carried about wherever the army went, until he died of disease; Ptolemy says he was first tortured on the rack and then hanged. Every honourable Greek philosopher had now full warning to keep his distance from Alexander. To Aristotle the king had already sent from Asia a characteristic complaint, when the philosopher published some lectures. Plutarch professes to give the very words of the letter. "Alexander sends greeting to Aristotle. You do wrong in publishing your lectures. For wherein shall we excel other men, if you impart to them the instruction which you gave to us? But I, for my part, would rather excel men in the noblest experiences [science] than in military forces. Farewell." This is not in the tone of one who desires all foreign peoples to imbibe Greek science and philosophy, as Mr. de Vere fancies.

The pride and violence of Alexander, his vices and his crimes, one by one, Arrian seems able to defend or excuse; but when all culminates in his assumption and enforcement of the Persian dress, the historian's eyes seem at last to be opened. "I do not praise," says he, "his

excessive punishment of Bessus" (whom he first scourged and exhibited naked in a cage, afterwards cut off his nose and ears, and sent him to be put to death by his own countrymen), "and I confess that Alexander was enticed to imitate Persian luxury and barbaric ceremonialism; nor can I praise that he, being a Heracleid, wore Median vesture instead of his native Macedonian, and assumed the Persian tiara instead of his own victorious garb. But if the mighty deeds of Alexander can teach us anything they teach this, that no accumulation of outward magnificence conduces to any man's welfare, if he cannot retain sobriety of mind (*σωφροσύνη*)." Let this be a set-off to Mr. de Vere's other quotation from Arrian, which he says "is doubtless right"—that Alexander assumed the Persian dress that he might appear not altogether to despise the barbarians. The matter is indeed quite plain. He himself took three noble Persian ladies as his wives, one of them a daughter of Darius—a frank adopting of the Oriental seraglio, the curse of princes and nations. He induced eighty of his high officers similarly to take Persian wives. The marriages were all conducted with Persian ceremonies, and to all of them the king gave liberal dowries. More than ten thousand Greek soldiers followed the example of marrying native women. The king had the names of them all registered, and sent marriage gifts to every one. Nothing is clearer than that he desired to shift his centre of support. Instead of depending on Greeks, who were sure to abhor and resist his striving after Oriental despotism, he aimed simply to step into the shoes of Darius, and let the Persians feel that their *institutions* remained unchanged; they had only changed one *king* for another. To Macedonians, and to all Greeks who had a particle of free spirit, such conduct appeared treason to Greece, who had freely chosen him as leader, treason also to freedom. As Callisthenes said to his face, the progenitors of the Macedonian dynasty came from Argos to Macedonia; there, not by force, but by law, they were accepted as rulers, and received honour as men, not as gods. Surely the idea that Alexander was bent on imparting the blessings of Greek civilization to all Asia is, in the face of the facts, only a wild fiction.

And here the thought presents itself, What is the erudition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere? Has he enough knowledge of Greek to read Arrian or Plutarch for him-

self? A matter in itself slight moves strong disbelief. Nine times in his drama he pronounces the name Κρατερὺς *Cratærus*. It would appear that he cannot ever have seen the name in Greek letters, common as it is, or he could not make such a blunder. There is no ambiguity about it. Thus:

- p. 27. Or keen-edg'd, like Cratærus. This I grant him —  
 p. 74. But sacrilege. I scorn your words, Cratærus.  
 p. 79. Which by Cratærus, Ptolomy, Hephæstion —  
 p. 90. Forth, sirs, and meet them. Let Cratærus bide —

He is uniformly consistent with himself in the error. So too he pronounces Heraclides (p. 212) with short penultima, evidently unaware that it is Ἡρακλείδης in the Greek. The *Nisæan* horses (ἵπποι Νισαῖοι) he converts into *Nysæan* (p. 164), misled by Νύσα, Nysa, the supposed Bacthanalian centre. In p. 96 he makes the Macedonians talk familiarly of the philosophy of Epicurus, whom our books represent as "flourishing" half a century later. At that day Epicurus surely cannot have been known. On the whole, Mr. de Vere does not, *prima facie*, command any deference to his opinions; else one might be curious to know, whence he gets his information that Alexander planned the conquest of Italy and Spain. "The empire which Alexander had resolved to create was that of the whole world. *Had he lived, he must have created it* . . . had ten years more been accorded. But it was not to be. Alexander was not to tread the banks of the Tiber. . . . He had aspired to give to one small spot on earth's surface, Greece, a power extending over the earth. . . ." Will he, perhaps, appeal to the wild speech in which he strives to persuade his soldiers to march to the mouths of the Ganges, assuring them that the sea of Bengal joins the Caspian Sea, and that he will carry his army from the Ganges round Africa to the pillars of Hercules, "*and so all Africa becomes ours*"? How can a modern who knows anything of geography fail to see that if he was serious, he was a fool, rather than a statesman with unerring judgment?

The schemes of Alexander were wild enough, and it is not requisite to attribute to him what is wilder still. All his generals — and one may add, all his soldiers — knew that his dream of holding India to the mouths of the Ganges was morally

and physically impossible. To imagine that the native Indians would submit voluntarily and become loyal to his sceptre, was simply ridiculous. Greek heroism and discipline must make the conquest; but the entire military population of Greece was insufficient to garrison and maintain even the Persian empire, say nothing of India proper. Alexander showed admirable military judgment in choosing sites for Greek colonies, but he could not people them without unpeopling Greece. The vast drain of young men and mature men to fill his armies quickly made the native population decay, and the Macedonian army there under Antipater crushed all that remained of liberty. Mr. de Vere whimsically says that Alexander was aiming "to give to Greece (!) a power extending over the whole earth," at the very time when he was actually trampling Greece itself, as well as Greek institutions and sentiments, under foot, training Persian levies to control what he regarded as Greek insolence, and putting forward native Persians, who willingly submitted to prostration and all Oriental servility, into high posts expressly as a curb on the Macedonians. It may even seem that from the day that Alexander set foot on Asia he abandoned all thought of returning to Greece. This explains his lavish giving away of Macedonian revenues. Like Achilles, that type of pride and royal egotism, he meant to conquer or die; at best Macedonia was nothing to him but a distant recruiting-ground. When Parmenio or any other general dropped the suggestion, "Is it not time to think of *home*?" he at once treated it as disaffection. The desire of soldiers to return to their native lands and friends, was with him base and stupid ingratitude. On two occasions Arrian gives a very full account of his resentment, but condensation is here desirable. After Alexander's victories over the Indian king Porus the army showed extreme reluctance to march farther eastward, and the dissatisfaction was too great and general to be dissembled. He tried to persuade them to march to the mouths of the Ganges, and his speech shows us on what motives he relies. "He makes them *rich by plunder*; he shares toil and danger with them; no nation has yet withstood them, and none will be able. *He will make them satraps* over new and new lands. He gives them even now *good pay*. After they have overrun all Asia *he will load them with riches*, and either will let them go home,

or will lead them home, or will make those envied who prefer to stay with him in Asia." Such were the base arguments by which from the beginning he had trained his soldiers to thrive on the misery of the conquered peoples. But the army felt the toils, the wounds, the numbers who had perished, the little chance of carrying home a robust frame: in short, they were home-sick; and, to his extreme disgust, he was forced to listen to an honest speech from his old officer Cœnus, who, after long silence, expounded to him the views and feelings of the army. Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems to think that the soldiers were fools and narrow-minded, and that, even years later, an inscrutable Providence, cutting short Alexander's life, alone hindered the accomplishment of conquests far more difficult than any which he had achieved. If he had economized his own strength and that of his Greek troops, he might doubtless have reigned over all Darius's empire and over Greece in addition, but certainly not while he lavished Greek life recklessly.

Mr. de Vere is indignant that Alexander should be spoken of as the Macedonian "madman," and evidently does not understand what is the justification of that epithet. It is because he was not satisfied with encountering inevitable dangers and losses, but gratuitously espoused and invented needless dangers and new losses. The battle of the Granicus was the first manifestation of this folly. His war against Tyre was a signal and needless cruelty, which might have been fatal to him. The Tyrians, having no aid from Darius, sent ambassadors to say they would perform all his commands except that they must receive neither a Persian nor a Macedonian force *within their city*—an island. If he had accepted this compromise, their fleet and their resources would at once have been at his disposal; and as soon as the fortunes of Darius were manifestly irretrievable, the very small reserve of respect for Persian rule \* was certain to vanish. But Alexander's pride was inflamed that any exception or reserve, however temporary, should oppose his absolute will. He sent away the ambassadors in anger, and commenced a war which proved extremely difficult. In it he received and inflicted cruel wounds, wasting time and enormous

effort. At the end he won a ruined city, having spoiled its site forever by his works; and after all the slaughter in the siege, and frightful carnage in the final storming, he had the miserable satisfaction of selling into slavery thirty thousand Tyrians and foreigners who were in the city. No other Greek general would have committed such an error, if we may not call it crime. Again and again we find him undertake dangerous and difficult enterprises, wasteful of Greek life, not because they are needful, but barely because of the difficulty.

In Sogdiana there was a natural rock, supposed to be impregnable; among the Paraitakæ a second rock; among the Bazeri (modern Caubul?) a third, which it was said Hercules had failed to take. He must waste blood and time to capture them all. The mention of Hercules instantly inflamed his passion to outdo the mythical hero. When he came to the Iaxartes (the Sir Deria), the river which separated the Massagetan Scythians from the Persian empire, he of course found Scythian cavalry watching him. They shoot arrows into the stream to show him that he must not cross. It is an unendurable insult, he says: he must chastise them. He crosses the river, undergoes hard fighting, takes credit for victory, but presently has to come back again, half poisoned by drinking foul water, with no reward but needless bloodshed. Naturally, when he turns his back, they come over to help his enemy. But nothing so much deserves to be called a wicked destruction of his soldiers as his march through Gedrosia, the modern Beloochistân. After the toils, wounds, and losses encountered to conquer in India territories which could not be kept permanently, he built a fleet of transports and sailed down to the mouths of the Indus. There he heard that no army had ever passed safe through Gedrosia; that Queen Semiramis had attempted it, and brought through only *twenty* men, and the great Cyrus had come through with *seven* only. This immediately determined him to do (says Nearchus, his admiral) what to them had been impossible. (The tales were, no doubt, mythical; but Alexander had an open ear to every lying legend, equally as to soothsayers and cataleptic women.) All the sufferings elsewhere endured by the army were as nothing compared to this. Heat, want of water and of fodder, presently reduced them to the utmost distress. They could not feed or water

\* The case is not fully explained. Perhaps the Persian kings had so far honoured and gratified the Tyrians as to stipulate that no Persian force should enter their city. A highly reasonable request.

their cattle; they killed them for food. Alexander knew it, and did not dare to forbid it. The waggons had to be abandoned. They dug into the sand for partial supplies of water. A miserable stream and timely rain saved a part of the army. Many are said to have perished by excess of drinking after long thirst and heat, probably also after long fatigue and fasting. Alexander in the worst suffering displayed great \* magnanimity, and, like the Hebrew king David, when water was brought to him that did not suffice for many, poured it out on the ground. The guides professed to have quite lost the tracks, and a miserable time had still to be endured. That he got through safe with any considerable part of his men, seemed to be a miracle; and meanwhile several satraps took great liberties, not expecting that he would ever re-appear. It cannot be pretended that such a king either economized his resources or acted as one who understood the difficulties of his own task. It is vain to talk of his statesmanship, when his military impetus and habit of sacrificing everything for the victory of the moment uniformly carried him away.

His cruelties to the unfortunate and innocent Asiatics would not deserve censure from a Greek point of view, if they had proceeded from any long-sighted policy. Philip also was cruel to the Phocians where it served his ambition. No one greatly blamed Alexander for his severity to Thebes; though all shuddered. He sold all the Thebans who survived his attack, men, women, and children, into slavery, divided their country among his allies, and razed the walls to the ground. This was intended to strike terror into every Greek city, and teach to all the danger of his enmity. Beyond a doubt it was politic, but not the act of one who desired to exalt Greece. It was in his uniform style of pure egotism. But his cruelties to the unhappy Asiatics who for the first time heard his name are repeated to satiety. He comes suddenly into Bactria, where is only one strong place, Cyropolis. He captures *five cities in two days*, and massacres as many of the people as he can. He places cavalry round one city to intercept fugitives who might report his presence to the next, lest the people run away into the woods and mountains and be harder to catch. Nevertheless the smoke of the

burning city gave warning. Tidings also of the disaster came, and the population took flight; but they were mercilessly slaughtered—unarmed and without discrimination. In storming these hapless and utterly weak places Alexander gave strict orders to kill every man, and make slaves of the women and children. (What the army could, possibly do with so many slaves, and how they could be fed, here as elsewhere is unexplained.) When Alexander was wounded, as often happened, the Macedonians were made doubly ferocious. Nothing so bloody is ever imputed by the Greeks to Xerxes. Our historians would never have been silent had he committed such atrocities as they tell of Alexander.

And this may remind us of the burning of the palace in Persepolis. Alexander himself was afterwards ashamed of it, and so, apparently, was King Ptolemy, who represents it as an act of mistaken policy. Forsooth, Xerxes burnt Athens, and Alexander wished to avenge the outrage! Had, then, the countless multitudes \* relentlessly slaughtered in pursuit, after his great victories, been insufficient revenge for ancient deeds? And did Alexander forget that Persepolis was now his own city, and that he was burning his own palace? Arrian elsewhere, in courtier fashion, says that Ptolemy, being a king, was likely to tell the truth; but he forgets that it must have been very painful to him to tell facts disagreeable to his royal patron and friend, on whose favour and successes his own fortune had been built up. Plutarch gives another account, which Mr. de Vere believes, that the palace was burnt under the initiative of the Attic courtesan Thais in the midst of drunken festivity; that she was the mistress of Ptolemy; that Alexander was not master of himself when, with garland on his head and lamp in hand, he assisted and aided in the conflagration; finally, that the Macedonians eagerly assisted, *because they thought it a certain proof that Alexander did not mean to keep Persia and live among barbarians*. This is the more probable account, but it was morally impossible for King Ptolemy to publish it.

One cannot read the details of battle,

\* In all mere estimates of force we may justly suspect immense exaggeration. Arrian says that, after the last great battle with Darius, as many as 300,000 corpses of barbarians were gathered, and a far greater number of persons were captured. One may suspect that he wrote Δ, and that it has been corrupted to Α. This would reduce the number to 40,000, and agree with Q. Curtius.

\* Plutarch tells a story not unlike this on a different occasion.



and fire, and ravage of peaceable homes, without seeing the vast amount of suffering, of starvation, and of ruined prosperity entailed by this ruthless conquest over a vast area of country. If it had been followed by a total overthrow of old corrupting despotism, and the introduction of nobler institutions, we might say it was a dreadful price paid for a great good; but when Alexander carefully preserved all the worst Persian institutions, who will show us any good at all from it? So successfully did he act the part of a mere Asiatic, born in a seraglio, that Persian tradition, and the celebrated Persian epic, represent him as a younger Persian prince who dethroned his own brother, and so succeeded to his throne. If we ask, Wherein did he improve Persia? we get from some the reply, "He diffused a knowledge of the Greek language." Yet the Greek language and Greek literature could not save Greece itself from decay, nor from worse and worse corruption, under the despotism which he imposed and bequeathed. He exposed his own life recklessly, month by month, yet never took a single precaution for the benefit of the empire in case of his death. This is in perfect harmony with the essential egotism of his character. He believed himself the most generous of mankind, because he gave away the fruit of other men's labour to his soldiers; and he frequently boasted that he retained nothing for himself, when he was claiming supreme power over all their property, their lives, and their honour. At the last, when they saw he was dying, they implored him to name his successor; but to the question, "To whom do you leave the empire?" he would give no other answer than, "To the strongest man among you." Hereby he entailed on Asia the new misery of twenty years' civil war among his generals.

The mischief to Greece in each new generation was worse and worse. Freedom was almost everywhere crushed. All the young men had to unlearn patriotism, and accept the creed that to become mercenary soldiers in Asia, or suffer conscription under a tyrant, was a life good enough for a Greek. That genius in Greece perished with Demosthenes is so often remarked, that it is difficult to understand how any scholars blind themselves to the evidence that Alexander was the assassin both of liberty and of genius. Of course the evil results from the overthrow of law and of all semblance of right could not appear at once.

The vast system of standing armies undermined in Greece industrial pursuits, cultivation of the soil, and family life. The same result, depopulation, followed in Italy from the demand of men for the Roman legions; and we cannot be wrong in tracing to the same cause the marked and steady decay of population in Greece. As to Asia, we have no documents to base assertion upon, but nothing visible denotes that under Macedonian or Parthian despots things were better than under Persian. While princes are born in a seraglio, and practise polygamy from an early age, no royal dynasty is long equal to common men in body or mind. To join personal despotism to polygamy is fatal to all enduring good government; yet this is exactly what Alexander did. Of durable prosperity he laid no foundations. Military posts in abundance he planned and fortified; docks for ship-building he established on the rivers of the Panjâb; but how could he hope to obtain allegiance from the people? He depended on mere force. When his back was turned they revolted. He might well say, as Napoleon I. said, "Ah! I cannot be everywhere." When an Indian king — Musicanus — revolted, Alexander in revenge razed to the ground the walls of the cities which he had placed under Musicanus, and reduced the people into slavery (what he did with them as slaves is never explained, and this makes one hope there is exaggeration), and where he had himself placed garrisons he dismantled and destroyed the citadels; an impotent mode of securing future submission. Musicanus, having been caught by the Macedonian Peithon, was sent back by Alexander to be hanged among his own people. It must surely be evident that Alexander could not always be an Achilles, and that the Panjâb was certain to be lost to him the moment that it ceased to fear an overwhelming military force. The description of the army with which he conquered it, takes one quite by surprise, though in his letter to Darius after the battle of Issus he boasts that many who in that battle were in the king's ranks now fight in his. But in India the Greeks in Alexander's army were so outnumbered by Asiatics that, if the king had died of the arrow-shot in his lungs, they feared to be massacred by their own auxiliaries. Were these to garrison all India for the king?

We cannot wonder at the entire absence of prudence in a young man spoiled from childhood, intoxicated with military



success, and bent on egotistical glory; but to extol such conduct as "instinctive and unerring statesmanship" is very delusive doctrine. "If I were Alexander I would accept Darius's offers," said Parmenio. "So would I, if I were Parmenio," replied Alexander, insolently and foolishly; yet it is lauded as a right royal sentiment. Parmenio thought it better to accept treasure freely granted by Darius, and use resources accumulated in the past, than to seize supplies by wasteful and odious rapine; better to accept three solid countries with the whole sea-coast fronting Greece, and take time to consolidate the conquests and press lightly on the conquered, than to push farther at once and risk their communications with home; better to establish peace with Darius, even if it could not last very long, and secure their home predominance, than to make the quarrel with Darius implacable and give hope to all the Grecian enemies of Macedonia. If Antipater had been defeated in Greece, Alexander might have been ruined by it in Asia; the loss of a single battle by Alexander himself against Darius might have been fatal. Parmenio, it seems, is a stupid pedant in Mr. de Vere's estimate. If his advice had been taken—if the Greek dominion had never gone beyond the Euphrates—we cannot be sure that the history of mankind would have been happier, simply because vast contingencies always elude certain knowledge. But, without rashness, we may say,—acquaintance with the masterpieces of Greek literary genius would even then have been diffused in the East among minds capable of appreciating them. Whether Parthians or Babylonians ever got much benefit from such literature, it is truly hard to ascertain; but high literary eminence does not need war to extend the sphere of its admiration. If any one lay stress on *such* a result of Macedonian conquest, he confesses that it was very barren of good in Asia; that it was deadly to Greece is no theory, but manifest fact.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### IN THE DEEPS.

THINGS went from bad to worse, and that rapidly. Moira knew but little of LIVING AGE. VOL. XI. 522

what was going on, for the neighbours were slow to tell her. But every one in Ardtilleach was aware that Angus M'Eachran had sold his share in the boat to young Donald Neil; and that, while this ready money lasted, he had done no work at all, but merely lounged about until he could get hold of one or two companions to go off on a drinking-frolic. Moira saw him go out each day; she did not know but that he was gone to the fishing. When he returned late at night, she sometimes saw that he had been having a glass, and she was a little perturbed. But Angus had a strong head; and he managed to conceal from her for a long time the fashion in which he was spending his life.

He did not deliberately set to work to drink himself and his young wife out of house and home. He had fits of remorse, and always was about to turn over a new leaf—next day; but the next day came, and Moira was silent and sad, and then he would go out to get a cheerful word with some companions and a glass. Moreover, the savings of a fisherman either increase or decrease; they never stand still. When the motive was taken away for the steady addition to the little hoard in the bank at Stornoway, that fund itself was in danger. And at length it became known in Ardtilleach that Angus M'Eachran had squandered that also, and that now, if he wanted money, he must go into debt with one of the curers, and hire himself out for one of the curers' boats.

The appearance of the man altered too. He had been rather a smart young fellow, careful of his clothes, and cleanly in his habits; now, as Moira noticed, he paid less attention to these things, and heeded her not when she remonstrated.

One night Angus M'Eachran came home, and staggered into the cottage. Moira regarded him with affright. He sat down on a wooden stool by the peat-fire.

"Now there iss an end of it," said he, gloomily.

"An end of what, Angus?" said she, in great alarm.

"An end of you and of me, and of Ardtilleach; and it iss not in Ardtilleach I can lif any more, but it iss to Glasgow that I am going."

"To Glasgow!" she cried.

"Ay," said he, "this iss no longer any place for me. I hef no share in the poat. I hef no money in the pank. It iss all gone away—in the tammed whiskey—

and it iss not a farthing of money I can get from any one — and what iss to become of you, Moira?"

She did not cry aloud, nor were her eyes wet with tears, but she sate with a white face, trying to comprehend the ruin that had befallen them.

"Angus, Angus!" she cried, "you will stay in Ardtilleach! You will not go to Glassgow! It iss many another poat that will be glad to hef you, and there iss no one can mek so much at the fishing ass you —"

"And what iss the goot of it," he said, "that a man will mek money, and hef to lif a hard life to mek money, and when he comes home, then it iss not like coming home to him at all? What I hef done that wass bad enough; what you hef done, Moira Fergus, well it iss something of this that you hef done."

She dared not answer — some strange consciousness oppressed her. She went away from him, and sate in a corner, and cried bitterly. He spoke no more to her that night.

Next morning he was in a very different humour; he was discontented, quarrelsome, and for the first time of their married life spoke rudely and tauntingly to her. The knowledge that he was now a beggar — that the neighbours regarded him as an outcast — that his old companions in the boat were away at their work, leaving him a despicable idler to consort with the old men about — seemed to drive him to desperation. Hitherto he had always said, in answer to friendly remonstrances, that there were more fish in the sea than ever came out of it; and that by-and-by he would set to work again. Now it seemed to have occurred to him that his former companions were rather shy of him; and that he had a bad name throughout the island.

"Yes," said he, angrily, to her, "when I go to Glassgow, then you can go to your father, and you can ask him to tek you back to his house. It wass my house that wass not goot enough for you; and from the morning to the night it wass neffer a smile or a laugh wass on your face; and now when I will go away to Glassgow, you will be a great deal petter, ay, and ferry much petter, in the house of your father John Fergus — and tam him!"

She said not a word in reply, for her heart wass full; but she put a shawl round her shoulders and walked away over to the curing-house, where her father was. Angus M'Eachran was mad

with rage. Was she already taking him at his word; and seeking to return to her father's house? With a wild feeling of vengeance at his heart, he determined there and then to leave the place; and as he set out from Ardtilleach, without a word of good-bye to any one in it, the last thing that he saw was John Fergus coming out to the door of the curing-house to speak to Moira. With many an angry and silent imprecation, he strode along the rough road, and then he began to bethink himself how a penniless man wass to make his way to distant Stornoway and to Glasgow.

The purpose of Moira Fergus wass quite different from that which her husband had imagined.

"What will you want with me?" said her father, coldly, when he came out in response to her message. "I hef told you, Moira Fergus, that it iss no word I hef for you. You hef gone to another house; you will stay there — ay, if you wass to lif in Ardtilleach for sixty years."

"It iss Angus M'Eachran," she said, with tears in her eyes, "and — and — he iss going away to Glassgow if he cannot go to the fishing — and — if you would speak a word to Mr. Maclean —"

"Ay, he iss going to Glassgow?" said John Fergus, with an angry flash in his eyes. "And the tefle only knows that he iss fit for nothing but the going to Glassgow. Ay, ay, Moira Fergus, and it wass a prout tay for you, the tay you were married to Angus M'Eachran; but it iss not a prout tay any more, that you are married to a man that iss a peggar and a trunkard, and hass not a penny in ta whole world; no, it iss not any longer a prout tay for you that you married Angus M'Eachran!"

With that he turned and went into the curing-house, slamming the door after him.

"And it iss a hard man you are," said Moira sadly.

She walked back to her own little cottage, almost fearing that her husband might be inside. He wass not; so she entered, and sat down to contemplate the miserable future that lay before her, and to consider what she could do to induce Angus M'Eachran to remain in Ardtilleach, and take to the fishing and sober ways again.

First of all, she thought of writing to her friends in London; but Angus had the address, and she dared not ask him

for it. Then she thought of making a pilgrimage all the way to Borva to beg of the great Mr. Mackenzie there to bring his influence to bear on her husband and on Mr. Maclean the curer, so that some arrangement might be made between them. But how could she, all by herself, make her way to Borva? And where might Angus M'Eachran be by the time she came back?

Meanwhile Angus was not about the village, nor yet out on the rocks, nor yet down in the little harbour; so, with a sad heart enough, she prepared her frugal mid-day meal, and sate down to that by herself. She had no great desire for food, for she was crying most of the time.

Late that evening a neighbour came in, who said she had just returned from Harrabost.

"Ay, Moira," said she, "and what iss wrong now, that Angus M'Eachran will be for going away from Ardtilleach?"

Moira stared at her.

"I do not know what you mean, Mrs. Cameron," she said.

"You do not know then? You hef not heard the news, that Angus M'Eachran will be away to Glassgow?"

Moira started up with a quick cry. Her first thought was to rush out of the house to overtake him and turn him back; but how was that possible?

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron, what iss it you tell me this tay! And where tit you see Angus? And are you quite sure?"

"Well, well, Moira," said the old woman, "it iss not any great matter the going to Glassgow; and if you will sit down now, I will tell you."

The girl sate down, silently, and crossed her hands on her lap. There was no more crying now; the last blow had fallen, and despair had supervened.

"You know, Moira, my son that lifs round at the pack of Harrabost, and I wass offer to see him, and all wass ferry well, and his wife hass got ferry well through her trouple. And when I wass for coming away, it wass Angus M'Eachran will come running up to the house, and ferry wild he wass in the look of him. 'Duncan Cameron,' says he, 'will you gif me your poat for two minutes or for three minutes, for I am told that this is the M'Alisters' poat that iss coming along, and they are going to Taransay.' You know the M'Alisters' poat, Moira, that they pougt at Styornoway?"

Moira nodded assent.

"Well, you know, Moira, that Duncan

was always a good frient to Angus M'Eachran; and he said, 'Yes, Angus M'Eachran, you may hef the poat, and she is down at the shore, and you can run her out yourself, for the oars and the thole-pins are in her.' But Angus M'Eachran he says, 'Duncan, you will come with me to pring pack the poat, for I will ask the M'Alisters to tek me with them to Taransay; for it iss to Taransay I am going.'"

"Ay, to Taransay!" said Moira, eagerly. "And it wass only to Taransay?"

"I will tell you that, Moira," the old woman continued, who would narrate her story in her own way. "Well, well, I went to him, and I said, 'What iss it that takes you to Taransay, Angus M'Eachran, and when will you be coming pack from Taransay?' 'Mrs. Cameron,' says he, 'I do not know when I will be coming pack from Taransay, for it iss to Glassgow I am going; and it iss perhaps that I will neffer see Ardtilleach any more.'"

"No, no, no," the girl moaned; "he did not say that, Mrs. Cameron!"

"And I said to him, 'It iss a foolish man you are, Angus M'Eachran, to speak such things, and you with a young wife in Ardtilleach.' 'Ay,' said he, 'Mrs. Cameron, and if there wass no young wife, it iss perhaps that I would be in Ardtilleach now, and hef my money, and the share in the poat; but it iss a pad tay the tay that a young man marries a lass that is tiscontented and hass no heart in the house, and that iss it that I am going away from Ardtilleach; and Moira—well, Moira hass her father in Ardtilleach.' Ay, that iss what he said to me, Moira, ass Duncan and him they were putting out the poat from the shore."

"My father!" the girl murmured, "I hef not any father now—no, and not any husband—it iss the two that I hef lost. Ay, and Angus M'Eachran hass gone away to Glassgow."

There wass no bitter wailing and lamentation; only the hands in her lap were more tightly clenched. The red peats flickered up in the dusk; and her face seemed drawn and haggard.

"Ay, and they pulled out to the M'Alisters' poat when she came by, and I wass looking at them all the time from the shore, and Angus M'Eachran, when the M'Alisters put their poat apout, he got apoard of her, and there wass not much talking between them. And Duncan, I could hear him cry out, 'Good-pye to you this tay, Angus M'Eachran!'

And Angus, he cried out, 'Good-pye to you, Duncan Cameron!' And when Duncan came back to the shore, he will tell me that the M'Alisters were going down to the ferry pig poat that iss at Taransay and that hass come round from Lochnamaddy, and Angus M'Eachran he wass saying he would know some of the sailors in her, and the captain would tek him to Glassgow if he worked the passage. Ay, ay, Moira, I can see it iss not the good news I hef prought to you this night; and it iss a pad thing for a young lass when her husband goes away to Glassgow; but you do not know yet that he will stay in Glassgow, and you will write a line to him, Moira —"

"How can I write a line to him, Mrs. Cameron?" the girl said; "there iss more people in Glassgow ass there iss in Styornoway, and the Lewis, and Harris all put together; and how will they know which of them iss Angus M'Eachran?"

"Then you will send the letter to Styornoway, and you will gif it to the captain of the great poat, the 'Clansman'; and iss there any one in Glassgow that he will not know?"

"A letter," Moira said, wistfully. "There iss no letter that will bring Angus M'Eachran pack, not now that he hass gone away from Ardtilleach. And I will say good-night to you now, Mrs. Cameron. It iss a little tired I am."

"You are not ferry well the night, Moira," said the old woman, looking at her. "I do not know that I will leaf you by yourself the night."

"But I will ferry much rather be by myself, Mrs. Cameron — ay, ay, I hef many things to think ofer; and it iss in the morning I will come to see you, Mrs. Cameron, for I am thinking of going to Glassgow."

"Ay, you will come to me in the morning, like a good lass," said Mrs. Cameron, "and then you will think no more of going to Glassgow, which would be a foolish thing for a young lass, and it iss not yet, no, nor to-morrow, nor any time we will let you do such a foolish thing, and go away from Ardtilleach."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A PROCLAMATION.

MOIRA did not go to Glassgow; she remained by herself in Ardtilleach, in the small cottage all by herself, whither one or two of the neighbours, having a great pity for her condition, came to her, and

occasionally brought her a little present of tea or sugar. How she managed to live at all, no one knew; but she was very proud, and maintained to those who visited her that she was well off and content. She was very clever with her needle, and in this way requited her friends for any little kindness they showed her.

So the days and the weeks went by, and nothing was heard of Angus M'Eachran. Mr. MacDonald made inquiries of the men who had gone with him to Taransay; and they said he had undertaken to work his passage to Glasgow in a boat that was going round the island for salt-fish. That was all they knew.

Well, Mr. MacDonald was not a rich man, and he had a small house; but his heart was touched by the mute misery of this poor lass who was living in the cottage all by herself, as one widowed, or an outcast from her neighbours. So he went to her and asked her to come over to the manse and stay there until something should be heard of her husband.

"It is a ferry goot man you are, Mr. MacDonald," she said, "and a ferry kind man you hef been, always and now too, to me; but I cannot go with you to the manse."

"Kott pless me!" he cried, impatiently. "How can you lif all by yourself? It iss not goot for a young lass to lif all by herself."

"Ay, ay, Mr. MacDonald, and sometimes it is ferry goot; for she will begin to go back ofer what hass passed, and she will know where she wass wrong, and if there iss punishment for that, she will take the punishment to herself."

"And where should the punishment be coming," said he warmly, "if not to the young man who would go away to Glassgow and leaf a young wife without money, without anything, after he has trank all the money?"

"You do not know — you do not know, Mr. MacDonald," she said, sadly, and shaking her head. Then she added, almost wildly, "Ay, Mr. MacDonald, and you hef no word against the young wife that will trife her husband into the trinking, and trife him away from his own house and the place he was porn, and all his frients, and the poat that he had, and will trife him away to Glassgow — and you hef no word against that, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Well, it iss all ofer, Moira," said he, gently. "And what iss the use now of

your living here by yourself; and when your peats are finished, who will go out and cut the peats for you?"

"I can cut the peats for myself, Mr. MacDonald," said she, simply; "and it iss one or two of the neighbours they will cut some peats for me, for on the warm tays it iss little I hef to do, and I can go out and turn their peats for them."

"You will be better ofer at the manse, Moira."

"It iss ferry kind you are, Mr. MacDonald; but I will not go ofer to the manse."

In his dire perplexity Mr. MacDonald went away back to the manse; and spent a portion of the evening in writing a long and beautifully-worded letter to Mrs. Lavender, the young married lady who had been present at Moira's wedding, and who was now in London. If Mr. MacDonald's spoken English was peculiar in pronunciation, his written English was accurate enough; and to add a grace to it, and show that he was not merely an undisciplined islander, he introduced into it a scrap or two of Latin. He treated the story of Moira and her husband from a high literary point of view. He invited the attention of the great lady in London to this incident in the humble annals of the poor. She would doubtless remember, amid the gaieties of the world of fashion, and in the thousand distractions of the vast metropolis, the simple ceremony of which she had been a spectator in the distant islands, which, if they were not the *nitentes Cycladas* of the Roman bard—and so forth. Mr. MacDonald was proud of this composition. He sealed it up with great care, and addressed it to "The Hon. Mrs. Lavender" at her house in London.

An answer came with surprising swiftness. Mr. MacDonald was besought to convoy Moira forthwith to the island of Borva, where the wife of Mr. Mackenzie's keeper would give her something to do about Mrs. Lavender's house. Mr. and Mrs. Lavender would be back in the Hebrides in about three weeks. If the rains had been heavy, Moira was to keep fires in all the rooms of the house, especially the bed-rooms, incessantly. And Mrs. Lavender charged Mr. MacDonald with the fulfilment of these her commands. He was in no wise to fail to have Moira McEachran removed from her solitary cottage to the spacious house at Borva.

The minister was a proud man the day he went over to Ardtilleach with this warrant in his hand. Would Moira with-

stand him now? Indeed the girl yielded to all this show of authority; and humbly, and gratefully, and silently she set to work to put together the few things she possessed, so that she might leave the village in which she was born. Indeed, she went away from Ardtilleach with little regret. Her life there had not been happy. She went round to a few of the cottages to bid good-bye to her neighbours; and when it became known to John Fergus that his daughter was going away to Borva, he instantly departed for Killeena, on some mission or another, and remained there the whole day, so that she should not see him before leaving.

She remained a couple of days at the manse, waiting for a boat; and then, when the chance served, the minister himself went with her to Borva, and took her up to the house of Mr. Mackenzie, who was called the king of that island. After a few friendly words from the great man—who then took Mr. MacDonald away with him, that they might have a talk over the designs of Prussia, the new bridge on the road to the Butt of Lewis, and other matters of great public importance—Moira was handed over to the keeper's wife, who was housekeeper there. She did not know what she had done to be received with so much friendliness and kindness; she was not aware, indeed, that a letter from London had preceded her arrival.

She slept in Mr. Mackenzie's house, and she had her meals there, but most of the day she spent in the empty house to which Mr. and Mrs. Lavender were shortly coming. What she could do in the way of preparing the place for their reception, she did right willingly. There was never a more devoted servant; and her gratitude towards those who befriended her was on many occasions too much for her English—she had to escape from its constraint into the Gaelic.

Then there was a great stir throughout the island, for every one knew that Mr. and Mrs. Lavender were on their way from London; and the wonderful wagonette—which was in effect a boat placed on wheels, with oars and everything complete—that Mr. Lavender had built for himself, was, one morning, taken down Loch Roag, and landed at Callernish, and driven across to Stornoway. The "Clansman" was coming in that day.

It was in the dusk of the evening that the party from London—there were one



or two strangers—arrived in the little bay underneath Mrs. Lavender's house, and walked up the steep incline, the luggage following on the shoulders of the sailors. And the very first words that Mrs. Lavender uttered on entering the house were—

"Where is Moira Fergus?"

The girl was greatly afraid to find herself in the presence of all these people; and Mrs. Lavender, seeing that, quickly took her aside, into a room where they were by themselves. Moira was crying.

"And you have not heard anything more of him, Moira?" she asked.

"No, I hev heard no word at all," the girl said, "and I do not look for that now, not any more. I hef lost effery one now, both my father and my husband, and it iss myself that hass done it; and when I think of it all, I will say to myself that neffer any one wass alife that hass done as I hef done——"

"No, no, no, Moira," her friend said. "It is not so bad as that. Mr. MacDonald wrote to me that you fretted a great deal, and that Angus was very impatient, and he does not know what made him go away to Glasgow, for how could that make it any better? But we will find him for you, Moira."

"You will find him," the girl said sadly; "and what if you will find him? He will neffer come back to Ardtilleach. You do not know all about it, Mrs. Laffenter—no, I am sure Mr. MacDonald is a ferry kind man, and he would not tell you all about it. And this is why Angus M'Eachran will go away to Glassgow—that he had trank all the money there wass in the bank at Stornoway, and he had no more a share in the poat, and he wass ashamed to go apout Ardtilleach. And all that wass my doing—indeed it wass——"

"Well, well, you must give up fretting about it, Moira, and we will get Angus back to Ardtilleach, or back to Borva——"

"But you do not know, Mrs. Laffenter," the girl said, in an excited and despairing way; "you do not know the harm that wass done to Angus M'Eachran! And will he effer get back from that—from the trinking, and the trinking, and I myself with ferry little thought of it at Ardtilleach? And where iss he now? And what iss he doing? It wass no more care for his life that he had when he went away from Ardtilleach!"

"Well, well, Moira," said her friend,

soothingly, "if you were to blame for part of it all, you have suffered a great deal; and so has he, for it is not a happy thing for a man to go away from a young wife, and go away among strangers, without any friend, or occupation, or money. You seem to have got into a bad plight at Ardtilleach—perhaps it was better to have it broken up like that. It was certainly a great pity that you did not discover all you know now before things came to their worst; but if they are at their worst, they must mend, you know. So you must not give up hope just yet."

Moira suddenly recollected herself.

"I am keeping you from your friends, Mrs. Laffenter," said she; "and it iss ferry kind of you, but I do not wish that you will be troupled apout me and Angus M'Eachran. And I hef not thanked you for sending me here: and I do not know how to do that; but it iss not bekass I hef no feeling apout it that I cannot thank you, Mrs. Laffenter."

She was a servant in the house; she would not shake hands with Mrs. Lavender. But her mistress took her hand, and said, with a great kindness in her face,—

"I will say good-night to you now, Moira, for I may not see you again to-night. And to-morrow morning, you will come to me, and I will tell you what can be done about Angus M'Eachran."

That evening, after dinner, Mrs. Lavender told the story to her guests from London; and she was obviously greatly distressed about it; but her husband said,—

"The young fellow had no money; he is bound to be in Glasgow. We can easily get at him by advertising in the papers; and if you can persuade him to come to Borva, we shall have plenty of work for him, for he is a clever carpenter. But if he has enlisted——"

"I propose," said one of the guests, a young American lady, recently married, "I propose that, if he has enlisted, we who are here now subscribe to buy him out."

Her husband, a less impulsive and more practical person, got a piece of paper, and wrote these words on it:—

*Should this meet the eye of Angus M'Eachran, of Ardtilleach, in the island of Darroch, he will hear of something to his advantage by communicating at once with Mrs. Lavender, Sea-view, island of Borva, Hebrides.*



## CHAPTER XL.

## A PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

It would have been strange, indeed, if Angus M'Eachran had missed seeing this advertisement, for it was in all the Glasgow newspapers, morning after morning. It happened that, late one night, he was in a miserable little public-house near the Broomielaw, with two or three companions. He was now a very different man from the smart young fisherman who had lived at Ardtilleach. The ravages of drink were everywhere visible, in his face, in his shabby dress, in his trembling hand. He was at the moment sullen and silent, though his companions, who were Highlanders employed about the harbour, were talking excitedly enough, in their native tongue.

M'Eachran had also got occasional work about the ships; but he stuck to it only until he had earned a few shillings, and then he went off on a fresh drinking-bout. There were always plenty of "loafers" about to join him; he became a familiar figure in all the small public-houses about; and in garrulous moments he had told his companions something of his history, so that both himself and the circumstances of his leaving his native place were widely known.

On this evening the landlord of the public-house came into the den in which the Highlandmen were drinking, and said, pointing to a portion of the newspaper he held in his hands —

"Is this no you, M'Eachran?"

Angus M'Eachran took the newspaper, and read the lines pointed out.

"Ay, it iss me," he said, gloomily.

"Man, there's something there for ye!" the publican said. "Canna ye read it? They've gotten some money for ye, as sure as ye're a leevin sinner!"

"It iss no money they hef for me," said M'Eachran; "it is these ferry grand people, and they will want me to go pack to Ardtilleach. No, I hef had enough, and plenty, and more ass that of Ardtilleach. The teflle will tek the tay that I go pack to Ardtilleach!"

"You're a fulish cratur, man. Do you think they would gang to the awfu' expense o' advertisin' in the newspapers if there wasna something gran' waitin' for ye?"

"Go and tam you, John Jameson, and go and pring me another mutchkin of your pad whiskey, that iss not fit to be put before swines."

The landlord did not care to quarrel

with a good customer. He went off to get the whiskey, merely saying, in an under-tone, —

"They Hielanmen, they've nae mair manners than a stot; but they're the deevils to swallow whiskey."

He took no notice of the advertisement; he did not even care to speculate on what it might mean. Had Angus M'Eachran parted from his wife merely through some fierce quarrel, and had he resolved to go to Glasgow merely as a measure of revenge, the prospect of a reconciliation might have been welcome. But it was not so. He had left Ardtilleach simply out of sheer despair. He had drank all his money; he had disgraced himself in the eyes of his neighbours; he had long ago abandoned any notion of having any real companionship with his wife. Besides, by this time he had acquired the drunkard's craving; and in Glasgow, provided he could get any sort of work, he would be able to do as he pleased with his money. When he got to Glasgow, he abandoned himself to drinking without any remorse. His chances in life were gone; there remained but this. He had no boat, no home, no relatives; his society was in the public-house; the one enjoyable experience of the day was the sensation of beatific stupor rising into his head after drinking repeated doses of whiskey. If he was ill and surly next morning, there was but little sense of shame mingled with his moods. Nor did he consider himself a very ill-used person, whose wrongs ought to excite compassion. He simply was what he was, as the natural result of what had gone before; and he looked neither to the past nor to the future. It was enough if he had the wherewithal in his pocket to pay for another dram; and he did not care to ask whether, in the bygone time, he was the injuring or the injured party.

But it became more difficult for him to get those odd jobs about the quays, for his unsteady habits were notorious, and no one could depend on his remaining sober for a single day. He became shabbier and shabbier in appearance; and now the winter was coming on, and many a day he shivered with the cold as he walked aimlessly about the streets. When he could get no work, and when he had no money with which to go into a public-house, he would often wander idly along the inner thoroughfares of the town, perhaps with some vague hope of meeting an acquaintance who would give

him a glass. He was not afraid of meeting any of his old friends from Ardtileach; they could not have recognized him.

One night he was going up Candleriggs Street in this aimless fashion, and a bitterly cold night it was. A north-east wind was blowing down the thoroughfares, driving a stinging sleet before it; even the hardiest were glad to escape indoors from such weather. Angus M'Eachran was not proof against cold and wet as he had been in former days. He shivered like a reed in the wind; his limbs were chilled; if he had not been in the semi-bemused state of the confirmed drunkard he would have crept back to his miserable lodging. As it was, his only thought at the moment was to get a little shelter from the bitter wind.

He came to the entrance into the City Hall, and here was an open space, the light of which promised something of warmth. There were a great many people going in; and "Free Admission" stared every one in the face. M'Eachran crept into a corner, glad to be out of the cold for a moment.

The mere going-by of people seemed to have a fascination for him. His head was dazed. When a friendly old gentleman in passing said, "Weel, ma man, are ye no comin' in? I dinna think you could do better," he answered, vaguely, "Yes," and joined the stream. There was a great crush; he was borne into the hall. So dense was the crowd that no one seemed to notice his shabby clothes. He got no seat, but he was well propped up; and the heat of the great assembly began to thaw his frozen limbs.

And who was this maniac and mountebank on the platform—this short, stout, ungainly man, with lank yellow hair, prominent front teeth, and exceedingly long arms which he flung about as he stamped up and down and ranted? Truly, he was a ridiculous-looking person; and it was no wonder that highly-cultivated people, who read the reviews, and went into mild frenzy over blue and white china, and were agitated about the eastern position, should refuse to go and hear this stump-orator who was lecturing on temperance all over the country. The stories told of his *ad captandum* vulgarity and his irreverence were shocking. Jokes were made about the wild fashion in which he dealt with his *h's*; although, being a Yorkshireman of inferior education, he never added an *h*, he simply ignored the letter altogether,

and was profoundly unconscious of doing so. He spoke with a strong north-country accent; he marched up and down the platform, with perspiration on his unlovely face; he sawed the air with his arms, and was by turns angry with a screeching anger and pathetic with a theatrical effusiveness. A person of refined taste could not approve of Mr. Robert J. Davis and his oratory. The exhibition was altogether too absurd. And yet there are in this country at present thousands of human beings whom this man rescued from ruin; there are thousands of homes which he restored to peace and happiness, after that seemed impossible; there are thousands of women who cannot utter that commonplace name without tears of gratitude. And these people never thought the less of R. J. Davis because he ill-treated the letter *h*.

"Yes, my friends," this uncouth creature was saying, or rather bawling, "you see that miserable drunkard crawling along the street, dirt on his clothes, idiotcy in his face, his eyes turned away for shame—and you despise him—and are you not right in despising him? Perhaps you don't know. Well, I'll tell you. That skulking creature, that reptile of the gutter, was once the heir of all the ages; and when he was born he came into a wonderful heritage that had been stored up for him through centuries and centuries. Great statesmen had spent their lives in making laws for him; patriots had shed their blood for him; men of science had made bridges, and railways, and steam-ships for him; discoverers and great merchants had gone over all the earth, and there was sugar coming from one place, and cotton from another, and tea from another—from all parts of the world these things were coming. And for all this, and for far more than that, what was expected of him?—only that he should grow up a respectable citizen, and enjoy the freedom and the laws that his forefathers fought for, and do his duty towards God, and the State, and the friends whose anxious care had guided him through all the perils of childhood. What was his gratitude? What has he done?—what but throw shame on the name of the mother who bore him, making himself a curse to society and a disgrace to friends who now avoid him. Has he a wife?—think of her! Has he children?—think of them! Good God, think of the young girl going away from her father's home, and trusting all her life to this new guidance, and

looking forward to the years of old age, and the gentle going-out of an honourable and peaceful life. And this is the guidance — this is the protection — that she sits up in the night-time, with her eyes red with weeping, and she listens for the drunken stagger of an inhuman ruffian, and she prays that God would in his mercy send some swift disease upon her, and hurry her out of her grief and her shame. That is the return that the drunkard makes for all the love and care that have been lavished on him — and you despise him — yes, he despises himself as he crawls along the pavement — his home broken up and ruined, his wife and children sent shivering to the almshouse —”

There was a sharp, quick cry at this moment; and the lecturer stopped. The people near Angus M'Eachran turned round; and there was the young fisherman, with his eyes fixed and glazed, and his arm uplifted as if appealing to the lecturer.

“The man is mad,” said one, “take him out.”

But they could not take him out, for the crowd was too dense; but as some one at the door seemed to have fancied that a woman had fainted, a tumbler of water was fetched and quickly handed over. M'Eachran drank some of the water.

“No,” said he, seeing they were trying to make way for him; “I am for staying here.”

And there he did stay, until the end of the lecture, which was not a long one. But that was only part of the evening's proceedings. Winding up with a passionate appeal to the people before him to come forward and sign the abstention pledge — for the sake of their friends, if not of themselves — the lecturer stepped down to a space in front of the platform which had been kept clear, and there opened two large volumes which were placed on a narrow wooden table.

The people began to pour out of the various doorways; those who wished to stay and put down their names were gradually left behind. Among the latter was a young man who kept in the background, and was about the very last to sign; when he went up to the table, his face was pale, his lips quite firm, his hand tremulous. This was what he wrote: — “Name, *Angus M'Eachran*; age, 24; occupation, *fisherman*; born *island of Darrock*; resides, *Glasgow*.” Mr. R. J. Davis looked at this young man rather curiously — perhaps only guessing, but

not quite knowing what he had done that night.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was a terrible struggle. The thirst for drink had a grip of him that was an incessant torture: then there was the crushing difficulty of obtaining work for a man of his appearance. First of all, he left Glasgow and his associates there; and went to Greenock — the fare by the steamboat was only sixpence. He went down to the quays there, and hung about; and at last his Highland tongue won him the favour of the captain of a small vessel that was being repaired in dock. He got M'Eachran some little bit of work to do; and the first thing to which the young man devoted his earnings was the purchase of some second-hand clothes. He was now in a better position to go and ask for work.

If a man can keep sober in Greenock, which is one of the most dingy and rainy towns in this or any other country, he will keep sober anywhere. Not only did M'Eachran keep sober; but his sobriety, his industry, and his versatility — in Darroch he was famous for being able to turn his hand to anything — were speedily recognized by the foreman, and ended by his securing permanent employment. Then wages were high — such wages as had never been heard of in the Hebrides; and his wants were few. It was a strange thing to see the dogged industry of the Norseman fight with the impatience of the Celt; all day he would patiently and diligently get through his work, and then at night he would fret and vex his heart because he could not accomplish impossibilities. Nevertheless his companions knew that Angus M'Eachran was amassing money; for he earned much and spent little.

Time went by; he heard no news from Darrock or Killeena; and yet he would not write. Not only had he no hope of living again with Moira, but he had no wish for it. The recollection of bygone times was too gloomy. It was with quite another purpose that he was working hard and saving money.

One evening, going home from his work, and almost at the threshold of his own lodgings, he ran against a withered old Highlander named Connill, who was an under-keeper in Harris, and was acquainted with some of the Darroch people.

"Kott pless me, iss it you, Angus M'Eachran?" the old man cried. "Ay, it iss many a tay since I will see you. And now you will come and hef a tram and a word or two together."

"If you will come into the house, Duncan Connill," said Angus, "and we are just at the house, I will gif you a tram; but I hef not touched the whiskey myself not for more ass fourteen months I pelief. And are you ferry well, Duncan Connill; and when wass you ofer in Darroch?"

They went in'o the younger man's lodgings, and in front of the cheerful fire they had a chat together, and M'Eachran told his old acquaintance all that had recently happened to him.

"And now you will go pack to Darroch," said the old Highlandman. "Ay, and it iss ferry prout Moira Fergus will be to see you looking so well, and hafeing such good clothes, and more ass two pound fife a week."

"Well, I am not going pack to Darroch, and, yes, I am going pack to Darroch," said Angus; "but it is not to stay in Darroch that I am going pack. Moira, she will be with her father; and I will not tek her away from her father—it wass enough there wass of that pefore; but I will mek the arranchement to gif her some money from one week to the next week, ass a man would gif his wife, and then I will come pack to Greenock, and she will stay with John Fergus—and tam John Fergus!"

"Ay, ay," said the old Highlandman, "and that iss ferry well said, Angus M'Eachran; and if the lass will stay with her father, in the name of Kott let her stay with her father!—but if I wass you, Angus M'Eachran, it iss not much of the money I would gif a lass that would stay with her father, and her a marriert wife—no, I would not gif her much of the money, Angus."

"Well," said Angus, "it iss more ass fourteen months or eighteen months that I hef giffen her no money at all."

"And I wass thinking," said Duncan Connill, "that it wass many the tay since I hef been to Darroch; but when I wass there, it wass said that Moira wass away ofer at Borva, with Mr. Mackenzie's daughter, that wass marriert to an Englishman——"

"Ay, ay," said Angus, "she wass a goot frient to Moira and to me; and if she would tek Moira away for a time to Borva, that wass a great kindness too; but you do not think, Duncan Connill, she

will always stay at Borva, and her always thinking of John Fergus? But when she hass the money of her own, then she will do what she likes to do, even although she iss in the house of John Fergus."

"And when will you think of coming to Darroch, Angus?"

"I do not know that, Duncan Connill. We are ferry pusu just now, and all the yard working ofertime, and ferry good wages. But it iss not ferry long before I will come to Darroch; and if you would send me a line to tell me of the people there—what you can hear of them in Styornoway—it would be a kind thing to do, Duncan Connill."

And so the old man took back Angus M'Eachran's address to the Hebrides; and began to noise it abroad that Angus was making a great deal of money in Greenock; and that he had a notion of coming some day to Stornoway, and of getting into business there as a builder of boats.

About three weeks after Duncan Connill had seen Angus M'Eachran, a young girl timidly tapped at the door of Angus's lodgings, and asked the landlady if he wass inside.

"No, he's no," said the woman, sulkily; for landladies who have good lodgers do not like their being called upon by young women. The good lodgers are apt to marry and go away.

"When will he be in?" said the girl.

"I dinna ken."

So she turned away, and went out into the dismal streets of Greenock, over which there gloomed a grey and smoky twilight. She had not gone far when she suddenly darted forward, and caught a man by the hand, and looked up into his face.

"Angus!"

"Ay, iss it you, Moira Fergus?" said he coldly, and drawing back. "And what hef you come for to Greenock?"

"It wass to see you, Angus M'Eachran—but not that you will speak to me like that," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"And who iss with you?" said he; not moved in the least by her tears.

"There iss no one with me," she said, passionately; "and there wass no one with me all the way from Styornoway; and when Duncan Connill will tell me you wass in Greenock, I will say to him, 'I am going to see Angus M'Eachran; and I do not know what he will say to me; but I hef something to say to him.' And it is this, Angus, that I wass a bad wife to

you, and it iss many's the night I hef cried apout it since you wass away, from the night to the morning; and now that I hef been away from Darroch for more ass a year, it iss not any more to Darroch I would be for going — no, nor to Borva, nor to Styornoway — but where you are, Angus, if you will tek me — and where you will go I will go, too — if that iss your wish, Angus M'Eachran."

She stood there, mutely awaiting his decision, and trying to restrain her tears.

"Moira," said he, "come into the house. It iss a great thing you hef told me this tay; and it iss ferry sorry I am that I tit not hear of it pefore. But there iss many a tay that iss yet to come, Moira."

These two went into Angus M'Eachran's lodgings; and the landlady was more civil when something of Moira's story was told her; and the young wife — with trembling hands and tearful eyes, but with a great and silent joy at her heart — sate down to the little tea-table on which Angus's evening meal was laid. That was not a sumptuous banquet; but there was no happier meeting anywhere in the world that night than the meeting of these two simple Highland folks. And here the story of Moira Fergus, and of her marriage with Angus M'Eachran, may fitly end.

---

From The Popular Science Review.

#### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION: ITS SCIENTIFIC AIMS.

BY ROBERT BROWN,

M.A., PH.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

BEFORE the next part of this review is in the hands of its readers an English expedition — the object of which is to explore the wide unknown region surrounding the North Pole — will be well on its way to the scene of its labours for the next two years. An event so remarkable in the annals of science cannot be allowed to pass unnoted. For months past almost every journal in the kingdom has had something to say on the subject; for years to come we shall hear talk interminable, or may read print of which there is no end on this fruitful subject. Judging from the past we may expect these articles to be plentifully distinguished for the want of knowledge, more especially of what are the scientific aims and objects of the expedition. A few pages may be therefore profitably devoted to this ques-

tion. Thanks to the unwearrying efforts of Sherard Osborn and Clements Markham, backed by the Arctic Committees of the Royal and Geographical Societies, and their refusal to accept a denial — *sedunt æternumque sedebunt* — in a few weeks the ships and the men will be ready. The "Alert" and "Discovery" are now fitting out at Portsmouth with every appliance which experience and ingenuity can suggest as best fitted for serving the purposes for which they are intended. Twenty-three officers have been selected from the overwhelming number of volunteers who offered themselves. The head of the whole expedition will be Captain Nares, of "Challenger" fame. Commander Albert H. Markham, who has shown that his skill as a naval commander in many seas is almost equalled by his literary power in describing his voyages, is second in command; while Captain Stephenson, late of the royal yacht, will have the command of the second ship. Under these officers will be about one hundred and twenty seamen. In addition there will be six ice-masters — experienced whalers — who will advise the officers on questions connected with ice-navigation, and two civilian naturalists. It is to be hoped that one of these is a geologist; for, as we shall see presently, the geological questions to be solved are not the least important of all those which await the labours of these gentlemen. Altogether he would be a carping critic who would cavil at the arrangements of this expedition, or its *personnel*. By the end of May it is believed that it will be ready to sail. In a fortnight or so after it will be sighting the coast of Greenland. It will now enter Davis' Strait, and after touching one or two of the little Danish posts on that dreary coast, it will sail into Baffin's Bay, and then into Smith's Sound, the "threshold of the unknown region." The exploration of this sound has been advanced by the expeditions of Kane, Hayes, and Hall; and the chief aim of this expedition, geographically, will be to reach and explore a latitude beyond that attained by the last-named and ill-fated commander. How this is best to be accomplished may be safely left to the judgment of Captain Nares himself. Speaking broadly, the plan at present proposed is for the two ships to push north up Smith's Sound, or its continuation, to a point as far as the season, or the ice, will permit. One of the ships will remain in this locality, while the other will push still further on if possible,



and explore, by boats or sledges, as circumstances may show to be best, the sea and lands lying beyond. In case of disaster the depot-vessel will afford the adventurers a home to fall back upon. It is, however, unnecessary to say that the details of such plans must be altered indefinitely, and that it would be most unwise to strangle the skill of a commander, who has already shown himself so worthy of trust, by the bonds of red tape, which cut-and-dry "instructions" would assuredly be.

What, then, are the objects of this expedition? In the first place, it is the only expedition — since the unfortunate one of Sir John Franklin in the "Erebus" and "Terror" — which the English government has despatched to the Arctic seas for exploration alone. Since 1845 numerous ships flying the pennant have been within the Arctic circle, and have greatly enlarged our knowledge of the circumpolar regions. But they were in search of the expedition of Franklin; discovery was not one of their objects; and though they might have incidentally advanced science, provision was not made for research; and, indeed, so long as the mission they were sent on was unfulfilled, no man dared to think of science or of geographical exploration, brilliant though some of the discoveries made, no doubt, were. Need I remind the reader that on one of these expeditions the North-west Passage was discovered?

But the adventurers in the "Alert" and "Discovery" will have no thought to divert their minds from exploration in the widest sense of the term. Every provision has been made for it consistent with that economy of space which the storage of such a large quantity of fuel and provisions demand. Unlike the case of the "Challenger," there are no posts to visit, where stores can be taken or surplus baggage left. All must be at once taken from England; on this they will have to draw for the whole term of the expedition. The land and seas they are to explore are dreary enough, and an idea obtains that there is really nothing to be done in these far northern lands; that no interest attaches to them from a scientific point of view; and that the naturalists of the Arctic expedition, after they have surveyed their home in the far North, may sit down on its frozen shores and weep, if they are so inclined, because there is there no world for them to conquer. Around the Pole there are about two million five hundred thousand square

miles of sea and land yet unknown, and lying virgin for exploration. It must not be supposed that the mere vainglory of reaching the spot known as the North Pole is the object of the equipment of this expedition. "The North Pole," writes Mr. Clements Markham (I quote the *ipsissima verba* of this eminent geographer because I can find none of my own which more fully express the meaning which I wish to convey), "is merely a spot where the sun's altitude is equal to its declination, and where bearings must be obtained by reference to time and not to the magnet. It will doubtless be reached in the course of exploration, and there is something which takes the imagination of ignorant and uncultivated persons in the idea of standing upon it. But this will not be the main, or even a principal result, of the expedition. The objects in view are the discovery of the conditions of land and sea within the unknown area, and the investigation of all the phenomena in that region, in the various branches of science. These results can only be obtained by facing difficulties, perils, and hardships of no ordinary character; but their vast importance, owing to the additions they will make to the sum of human knowledge, will be an ample recompense."\* I mention this, because in some circles the mere vainglory of reaching the North Pole seems to be considered the *acme* of the labours of the brave and accomplished men who are so soon to leave England, just as among the same people to march up a steep mountain, and then like the king of France, in the nursery rhyme, come down again (if possible with greater celerity than they went up), is the aim and end of all alpine research. In all likelihood the "North Pole" will be found to be situated in the midst of some icy sea, or if on land, in the midst of some dreary waste, its position only ascertainable by a long series of observations by the scientific officers, and differing certainly in no degree from the region immediately surrounding it. It is impossible to say what branches of science will be most advanced by the researches of the expedition. Oftentimes discoveries are made when least expected. One discovery leads to another, and with the material at hand an accomplished naturalist can never fail to make interesting observations, and even deduce impor-

\* "The Threshold of the Unknown Region," 3rd edition, p. 325.



tant generalizations which those at home, only acquainted with what has already been done, cannot even presage. Still there are a few points in various branches of science which it would be well that the naturalists should attend to, and which the Jeremiahs, who are never weary of crying that all is barrenness, should be aware still require solution, or more extended observations in regard to. Let us take geology. Over the north of Europe—most markedly in Great Britain—America, and in all likelihood Asia also, are found certain remarkable deposits which are believed to date from one of the latest geological epochs, viz., that known as the glacial period, and are known to have been caused by ice. These deposits are very varied, but they may be referred to three great series, viz., great beds of stiff tenacious clay, unfossiliferous, but mixed with rounded boulders most frequently scratched and ice-worn; a series of finely laminated clays, containing fossils, chiefly Arctic shells; and lastly beds of sand and gravel and boulders, rounded and angular, scattered over the country, and belonging to formations not in the immediate vicinity; indeed often far distant from the localities where these boulders and "travelled blocks" are found, showing that they may have been transported by some agency. This agency is now universally conceded to be ice in some form, most likely icebergs. Ice, again, must have been at work in forming the "glacial beds;" but whether floating ice, or some great ice-cap covering the whole country, is as yet undecided, though the preponderance of belief points to the latter as being the mode in which the ice was formed. Agassiz long ago pointed out that Scotland must have been swathed, hill and dale, mountain and valley, in such a great glacier-covering. For long he was treated with incredulity, simply because we knew of no country which at the present time was in such a condition,\* and therefore, reasoning on the great principles taught by Lyell, we could not accept such a hypothesis. We now know that Greenland is a country in exactly such a condition, and it is to it that we must look for an explanation of the glacial phenomena of Britain and the rest of the northern hemisphere. The naturalists, by a thorough study of glacial

phenomena in that great country of glaciers, can do much to solve the questions now under discussion. In this country, and indeed in any country but Greenland, we cannot do so. Take Mr. James Geikie's "Great Ice Age," as the book which most fully—though still not so fully as it might—treats of these questions, and there is work enough for a geologist lying ready at his hand.

What is the nature of the material lying under the great ice-cap of Greenland? Is it the counterpart of the Scottish boulder-clay or till? Are the finely laminated clays forming in the Greenland ice-fjords from the mud-laden streams which flow out from beneath the glaciers the same as the brick clays of Scotland and elsewhere, as the present writer has shown to be highly probable? Again are the Greenland fjords, as are the fjords in other parts of the world, due to the wearing action of ice, when they formed the beds of great glaciers as Nordens-kjöld and I have argued? Again, the whole question hinges on the theory—not a theory, I believe, but an established fact, but still opinions differ—in regard to the eroding power of ice. In studying ice—sea and land—alone the geologist would be very fully and profitably occupied for a couple of years.

Another question for him to try and solve is this—Is Greenland rising in the north, while we know well that it is sinking in all the region south of Wolstenholme Sound? Are the terraces you find on the shores of Smith's Sound evidences of this general and gradual uprising of the shores going on, or are they only like the terraces you find on the shores of Greenland south of Melville Bay, which we know are evidences of a former uprising, not of one now going on, for at the present time I find others have shown\* there are indubitable signs that a gradual sinking of the coast is in progress. Mr. James Geikie—a most competent authority on all questions touching glacial deposits—suggests to me that "it would be very interesting to have determined whether the raised beaches of Greenland give any indication of changes of climate such as have been observed in these deposits in Spitzbergen. Great banks of *Mytilus edulis*, *Cyprina islandica*, and *Littorina littorea*, occur in that island, and none of these species are ever found living in the Spitzbergen sea. It is true

\* Yet in 1780 Otho Fabricius wrote ("Fauna Groenlandica," p. 4), "Interioribus ob plagam glaciem continuam inhabitabilibus;" and Lars Dalager, among others, described the "inland ice."

\* "Physics of Arctic Ice," Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc., vol. xxvii. (1871); Pop. Sc. Rev., August 1871.

that *Mytilus* is occasionally seen attached to algæ in these regions, but such rare birds are but poor representatives of the banks of the same shell which are met with in the same island. Mr. Nathorst, of the Swedish Geological Survey, tells me that in 1870 he examined these shell-banks, and found one made up of *Mytilus* resting upon a scratched rock-surface (now far removed from any glacier), and the scratches ran parallel with the fjord. The *Mytilus* still lives in Greenland, as does also *Cyprina islandica*, but *Littorina littorea* does not. Heer notices these circumstances in his paper '*Die Miocens Flora und Fauna Spitzbergens*' (Kongl. Svenska Vet. Akad. Forhand. Band 8, No. 7, p. 23). It would be worth while, I think, for the naturalists attached to the Arctic expedition to examine any raised beaches they may come across, with a view to discover whether the facts bear on the conclusions drawn by Swedish geologists, for it is difficult to believe that a considerable change of climate could take place in Spitzbergen without also leaving traces in North Greenland." All these questions are of deep philosophical interest. There is another not less interesting. The vegetation of Greenland nowadays is meagre enough—no tree, no shrub higher than the knee, and then only in favoured places. But just towards the close of the cretaceous period, and during the miocene age, a luxurious flora of evergreen trees and shrubs, oaks, magnolias, chestnuts, cypresses, red woods, (*Sequoia*), ebony, etc., flourished in Spitzbergen, Greenland, the Mackenzie River, and Alaska—in fact forming a circumpolar belt of rich vegetation, some of the species of which also stretched far to the south. The Southern States of America or California afford a vegetation which may be compared with this tertiary flora of the Arctic regions. In West Greenland at the present time it is only found in the vicinity of Disco Bay and the Waigat Strait, not stretching beyond 71°, where it is conjoined with beds of coal, and broken through by trap dykes. No doubt its range was at one time much more extensive, and has been circumscribed by the soft strata being destroyed by disintegration and the wearing action of the ice; for we cannot believe that a flora so extensive in its range could have been limited in Greenland to such a small area. Most likely it at one time stretched right across Greenland, before the country got overlain by ice. It would be interesting

to find patches of it in the regions geologically unexplored further in the north. The whole geology of such a region would be extremely interesting. Most likely other formations than what we know of in West Greenland will be found in the North. In East Greenland, for instance, liassic beds, unknown on the west coast, have been discovered on Kuhn Island, and there is a probability that other mesozoic beds—perhaps the true carboniferous strata of Melville Island—may be discovered dotting one or other, or both shores of Smith's Sound, or the strait, the entrance to which bears that name.

Some people ask, "What is the good of this expedition?" The plain English of such a question is, I suppose, how much money is to be made out of it? Well, we may at once answer that the "Alert" and "Discovery" expedition is not a joint-stock company, of which Captain Nares is chairman, and that there will be no dividends in the form of pelf to the shareholders, viz., the English taxpayers. There will, however, be a richer reward than any money can give, in the advancement of knowledge, the stimulus it will afford to enterprise, the training of our seamen for future work, and the glory which will attach to the English naval name from the gallant deeds which are sure to be done in the far North by the officers and men attached to it. But still, if the expedition was to discover a vein of cryolite—a mineral only found in one spot in Greenland, and of such value that sometimes twelve or thirteen ships will load with it during the summer—in a locality sufficiently accessible, there are plenty of merchants in the city of London who would gladly pay the costs of the expedition for the privilege of working it. In zoölogy we must not expect too much. The researches of the expedition will be made in a very high northern latitude, where animal life is scarce. Perhaps the very scarcity of it makes the species which live there more interesting. The extreme northern range of animal or vegetable life is always valuable to know; and accordingly every specimen, more especially of the land fauna, will be an important acquisition to science. The sea even, in high northern latitudes, often swarms with the lower forms of life, particularly on banks, and there the zoölogist might reap a rich harvest with the dredge. The sea is often thick with the most beautiful forms of acalaphæ, none of which can be preserved in a

condition fit for identification or description. They must be described and drawn on the spot. A naturalist, skilful with his pencil and sufficiently instructed in the subject to be capable of describing these animals accurately, might alone find sufficient for his labour, as day after day the vessel sails along, is "hooked on" to an ice-field, or lies at anchor. Nowadays naturalists are not so particular about having a long list of new animals, or rare species. They are more anxious about the range of particular forms of interest, about questions of structure, and other particulars bearing on the philosophical questions of the day. These points can frequently only be made out by dissections on the spot. The large animals will afford plenty of material to the scalpel of the anatomist. What would a home-staying anatomist give, even to dissect on an ice-floe, a narwhal, or a white whale in a fresh or in any condition. He looks back with sadness to Barclay's description of the white whale, the only one we have, and has a tradition that once a narwhal reached Scotland in brine, and was described by an anatomist who has not yet published his descriptions. The northern ranges of the birds, their nesting, their eggs, their changes of plumage, their parasites, and a dozen other points well known to the ornithologist, would give even this unpromising department of Arctic zoölogy some interest, and yield results which science will not despise. The fishes of the Arctic seas, as the discoveries of late years have shown, are not "worked out," and the fresh-water species of the North will be of extreme interest. Let us only take one or two points as illustrating what may be yet done in even the higher groups. One might suppose that, after the Danes had lived in Greenland for one hundred and fifty years, there were not many new mammals to discover in that country. But we have seen, by the discovery within the last few years of three land mammals previously unknown to the fauna, that this is not the case. Take the musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*); Fabricius, no doubt, described it under the name of yak (*Bos grunniens*) as a member of the Greenland fauna, but all he saw was a skull drifted in the ice from the high North. The gradual discoveries of Kane, Hayes, and lastly of Hall, have shown that in the very highest reaches of Smith's Sound it is quite abundant, though entirely unknown south of the glaciers of Melville

Bay. Almost contemporaneous with this discovery was that of the German expedition to East Greenland, that in a high latitude it was abundant on that coast, though quite unknown further to the south. Take, again, the lemming (*Myodes torquatus*). Scoresby, and afterwards the German expedition, found it on the north-eastern shores of Greenland; but it was quite unknown on the western shores until Dr. Bessels, of Hall's expedition, obtained it from Smith's Sound. Here is a very curious distribution of life, the same animals being found at about the same latitude on both coasts, and yet unknown south of these parallels. The interior, it is believed, is covered with ice. The animals could not have crossed over a stretch of six hundred or seven hundred miles without food. Have they worked their way round the northern end of the continent, and if so, what is the northern termination of Greenland? Is the interior, as is believed by the best informed physical geographers, covered with a great glacial covering? I think the preponderance of facts is in favour of this view, and that the moraine supposed to have been seen on it, near Upernavik, is only local. Further to the south we find no moraine, and if the ice crossed over or infringed on any land in the interior such moraine would be sure to be found in it. Lastly, the ermine (*Mustela erminea*) has been found on the east coast, though this animal is entirely unknown on the west. The habits of few of the Arctic mammals are well known, and any notes on these would be interesting. The European birds—in large numbers and of many species—every summer migrate to the furthest North. For what purposes do they migrate, and where do they all go to? Professor Newton, of Cambridge, has called attention to the strange movements of the knot (*Tringa canutus*), which migrates to Greenland and Iceland, but it soon leaves these regions and must move further to the north; but where it goes to is unknown, and of its nidification we know nothing. It comes to Britain in large numbers—old and young birds—in the autumn, but again soon takes its flight to the far South until the following spring. Where does it go during the summer? To regions less sterile than Greenland and Iceland—but where in the North are those regions? Is this expedition to discover them surrounding the shores of that open sea, in the warmer regions which are believed by some to surround the Pole, but

which other sceptical souls have long ceased to place any faith in? Perhaps not. Still there is no use denying that "there is a great deal to be said" in favour of "the open Polar Sea."

Dr. Hooker's classical paper on the Arctic flora\* has so fully explained the peculiar condition of the vegetation of Greenland that, if even my space permitted, any explanation of the phytogeography of that country is unnecessary.

The vegetation—meagre as in all probability it must be—of the far North must be extremely interesting. Already Smith's Sound has yielded additions to the Greenland phanerogamous plants. There are many puzzling varieties of Arctic plants, epilobiums, drabas, dryas, &c., which it would be well to investigate; and the whole flora should be studied, not from the mere dried-hay point of view, but with reference to its origin and nature, as so lucidly and philosophically explained in the treatise of the president of the Royal Society just mentioned. The cryptogams will yield many novelties; lichens, mosses, algæ, &c., will all be found in abundance. We know little of the Arctic algæ. Disco Bay yielded to the present writer almost as many species as had been previously known from the whole Arctic regions. Botany, however, will not be the branch of natural history which will be most advanced by this expedition. Geology or zoölogy will be the greatest winners.

I have only taken up these three sciences as specimens of what may be done. Even then I have only touched upon one or two points. Had I more space at my disposal, I could have pointed out a score of other questions still requiring solution, and which this expedition can assist in solving, if not solve altogether.

The other branches of science I have purposely avoided, as being foreign to my studies, and my opinion on them can therefore be of little value. Mr. Markham has given an outline of what additions to our knowledge in these departments we may look for from researches in these fields of knowledge, and to his work I refer the reader. For instance, a series of pendulum-observations at or near the Pole would be of service in determining the true figure of the earth. The nearest point to the Pole at which the pendulum has been swung for geodetical purposes is six hundred miles

from that point, and yet Sir Edward Sabine's observations are those which we chiefly rely upon for our knowledge of the earth's figure towards its northern termination. Terrestrial magnetism, and the study of the aurora by spectrum analysis, will yield good results—perhaps entirely new. The meteorology, the temperature of the sea at different depths, the nature of the currents, are all important subjects, and may be advanced by the researches of the officers of this expedition.

Finally, additions to our knowledge of the ethnology of the far North may be advanced by a study of the few remnants of the Eskimo now living in Smith's Sound, by an investigation of their *kjokkenmöddings*, or refuse heaps and grave-mounds,\* their wanderings, &c. It may be found, though this is not probable, that detached tribes may be found still higher north than we yet know, and I think it is not improbable that the Eskimo of the east coast of Greenland doubled with the lemming and the musk of the northern extremity of the continent, and then spread to the south. In this case it would be interesting to compare the remains, implements, &c., of Smith's Sound with those of the east coast, brought home by the German expedition, or contained in the Ethnological Museum in Copenhagen.

Elaborate instructions will no doubt be supplied to the naturalists regarding all of these questions.† It is to be hoped that they, like the commander, will not be hampered by too many instructions prepared by naturalists, who, however eminent, may be unaware of the difficulties which a naturalist has to meet with in his researches in such a region. If they are qualified—as doubtless they are—for the duties, then they may be safely left to do what they can. If they are not qualified, then for the credit of English science they had better be left at home. No one, however, who knows the stuff out of which the expedition is composed, will ever hesitate in believing that—though such an expedition is to a great extent at the beck of the ice, and a hundred other circumstances which those who have never sailed the ice-choked seas of the North can have little concep-

\* It has been found that the iron which faces the old bone knives found in the old Eskimo graves in Greenland is meteoric.

† Arctic Committees of the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society, at the suggestion of Mr. Markham, are now preparing manuals, giving a summary of our knowledge of Greenland.

\* Trans. Linnæan Soc. vol. xxiii. p. 251; Proc. Roy. Geog. Soc. 1871, &c.

tion of—every man will do his best; and the best will be very good indeed.

From The Spectator.  
THE ARCTIC SHIPS.

IT was particularly pleasant to go to Portsmouth while all the world was at Epsom, and to visit the Arctic ships when visitors were not expected, and there was no crowd. The journey was not a little suggestive,—through the plains of gold and purple into which the buttercups and the clover divide the southeastern country just now, by the hedgerows rich with broom, and the commons decked with golden gorse; past paths where the forest trees are laden with such foliage as even in England is rarely seen; and gardens where the white and pink hawthorn linger, and the beautiful rose-coloured chestnuts are in full blow. No more complete contrast could be conceived than that between the scene which the explorers are leaving, and that which they are going to; a contrast which grows upon one's fancy, and brings back all the tales of Arctic adventure in which one has taken delight, from Mary Howitt's "Northern Seas," to Captain Markham's "Whaling Cruise in Baffin's Bay." Arrived at the dockyard, one's expectations are completely fulfilled; there is no crowd, no noise, no hurry, everybody looks leisurely, and the sun shines, not too strongly, on the harbour. There lie the Arctic ships, and one's first feeling is of disappointment. They are so small! It takes a little time to get over this, and some contemplation of the huge, ugly monsters by which the "Alert" and the "Discovery" are dwarfed,—great lumps which would be enough to take the poetry out of a poet, lying black, heavy, and sailless on the dark-green water. "Nasty, great, sprawlin' things!" says a young person with very pink cheeks and a bundle, who has lingered a moment to look round before being led on board the "Discovery" by a fine young fellow in a sailor's dress; and the description which she utters in a tone of contempt, as if she were alluding to cockroaches, is strikingly correct. There is a little comfort in being shown the "Bellerophon"—it, at least, is not new-fangled—and in perceiving that the "Valorous," lying at a little distance, with a good deal of stir on her decks, and a pleasant sound of cranks and ropes and chanting voices,

is a graceful, ship-like ship. The "Discovery" is the nearest of the Arctic ships, and one goes on board her first, and finds oneself in a scene of extraordinary activity and apparent confusion, all the more interesting if one does not know anything practically about things maritime. Immediately, the notion that the ship is small goes off, to be replaced by an appreciation of its strength, its commodiousness, and the extraordinary ingenuity which is displayed in the employment of every inch of space, and the securing of every conceivable comfort to the officers and men. Looking up through the light rigging, one has one's attention directed to a kind of barrel, painted white, at the side of the mainmast, and near the top, and being told that it is "the crow's nest," has instant visions of the look-out among the ice-floes, and of the great whales captured by the crews of the "Discovery," before she was promoted from the service of commerce to that of science. The deck is heaped with ropes, chains, rough boxes, maritime odds and ends of every description, and to non-nautical eyes, even if everything were all right "below there," being ready to sail on Saturday, seems an impossibility; but the expression of a doubt is met with the kindest amusement, and an assurance that sailors can "tidy up" wonderfully when they set to with a will.

"Below," but very near the deck, are the engines, and remarkably like vast ornamental beer-casks they look, in their brass-bound polished casings, on perforated iron floors. The flues and pipes which are conducted from the engine-room into all the ship, the arrangements for warming, the cooking-apparatus, and the provision against danger of fire, are as perfect as ingenuity combined with simplicity can make them, and it is especially pointed out to visitors that everything of metal which must come in contact with the hand is covered with leather. The officer's cabins are marvels of convenience, and adornment too; the contrivances for stowing-away are pointed out with pride, while one takes a furtive peep at the book-shelves, and little supplementary book-crammed nooks in corners, with an awful sense of what it must be to have all one can possibly get to read for three years under one's eyes all at once. "Presents!" says a jolly voice close by; "we've had more presents than we can carry; there'll be a lot of 'em left behind. What should you say *this* was,



now?" The speaker is a jovial person "in a low neck" (as a little girl described a gallant tar who carried her across the gangway), and he is sitting astride of a huge deal box, with a lengthy address upon it, which he thumps heartily as he asks the question. Of course no one can guess, so he explains, with immense delight, as if wintering at the North Pole were merely a picnic, that "in that ere box there's the Christmas dinner—beef, and turkeys, and tongues, all cooked and ready." The doors of some of the lockers are open, and reveal endless quantities of tins wrapped in pink paper,—there are pictures, an elegant writing-table, all "made fast;" a reading-lamp, and a scarlet and gold *vide-poches*, and the panelled passage between the cabins is red and gold. Very natty is the little domain of "the naturalist," where a pigeon-holed space beneath the upper deck is prepared for the "specimens" he will bring us from the uttermost parts of the earth, and a case of mysterious glass things lies open on the floor. Hammer, chisel, saw, and pincers are busy, shavings and sawdust abound; but the pretty saloon is clear and clean, and the crew's quarters beyond, where cooking is going on busily, are interesting to see, for here the arrangements for economizing warmth and space are most ingenious. A cheerful company are there, augmented while the visitors look on by a few sailors, who swing themselves easily down from the upper deck, and drop noiselessly into their places. In one group we recognize the young person with the pink cheeks and the bundle. She is seated very close to the fine young fellow who took her on board, and she has undone the bundle, which proves to be a small and solemn baby. It lies on its father's lap now (while he and the young mother discuss a hearty meal), with open, unwinking eyes, and looks as if it could tell him a thing or two about the Arctic Regions, or even the other world. They are very jolly, indeed; so is every one on board, to the surprise of a lady present, who cannot get away from the idea that they are all to be lost sight of for two years at least, after the "Valorous" shall have returned from escorting them to the border of the Ice Kingdom, and who asks one handsome young man, who is explaining the harpoon gun to his sweetheart, whether he has ever been to the North before? "No further than North Shields, ma'am," he answers with ready drollery. The stores are wonderful to contemplate; it is so

difficult to believe that they are really "something to eat;" they look like anything else in the world—like leather portmanteaus, for instance—and the packing of them is a miracle of art. A mere glimpse of the innermost recesses of the ship reveals the vast quantities it carries *en bloc*, and the immense material for the purposes of the expedition; in the "museum," each article can be inspected in detail. The visitor has the great thickness of the ship, her four casings of stout, seasoned timber, her straight bow, and the apparatus of the ice-saw especially explained to him; and at the entrance of the museum, this formidable instrument is set up, with its poles, just as it would be outside the ship's bow, so that it is easy to understand how, as the steamer grinds against the stubborn barrier, the irresistible iron-toothed bar, worked up by handles from the deck, but descending by its own weight, rends and scatters the ice before it. There is little difference between the two ships, and none in the completeness and comfort of their fittings. "They didn't use to go No'th like *that* formerly," observed an old gentleman of nautical cut, but evidently unattached, to a visitor, as he stepped ashore from the "Alert." He seemed not half to like it, and to entertain a notion that if any of the ancients of the Arctic seas were "about" in spirit, they might not like it either. But he was somewhat reconciled when it was observed to him in reply, "But they didn't use to come home at all, formerly."

On an inspection of the museum, one is additionally reminded of the difference between the conditions of this and all preceding Arctic expeditions by the inventions in clothing and in cooking-apparatus. The large and small cooking-kettles, with a method of melting the snow for water, the spirit-lamps, the pemmican-tins (sweet pemmican is not nasty, even when one is not hungry), all are admirable, and if one could only feel as well satisfied about the sledges and the tents as about the food and the means of preparing it, one would not contemplate the Arctic regions with much apprehension of suffering for our explorers. But Dr. Rae's letter makes one look at those marvels of contrivance and construction, the eight-man sledges, and the tents, with their windows and their ventilators, and at the sleeping-bags and duffle-coats, with some misgivings. However, there is always the consolation of remembering

that the explorers can substitute snow-huts for tents if they choose, and alter their sleeping-arrangements according to their experience. A few of the articles exhibited, for instance, a carriage to be used on the ice, one must regard as merely ornamental or experimental; but the great majority are of serious usefulness and value, and the ready-packed sledges, with the baggage and food, for parties varying in number from five to twelve, are most interesting. A lay-figure attired in the full Arctic costume looks comfortable, and quite handsome in comparison with the diver in full dress, of whom he reminds one at a first glance.

The perfection of the arrangements is not more impressive to the visitor than is the aspect of the crews. They were all in on Wednesday, and seeing them generally, working or standing about, no one could fail to be struck with their appearance. Health, strength, youth, good looks, these are their characteristics, and the care that has been bestowed upon their selection will, no doubt, be rewarded. It is understood that the "Alert" is "to go to the Pole," so people in "the yard" talked of it as a matter of course, and the "Discovery" to remain in Smith Sound as a depot-ship; but there are ardent admirers of "the Dis" who tell you in confident confidence that they are certain she, too, will make a dash for it. That they will all do their best, and that their "best" is a big word, no one doubts, any more than that they will carry much pride and hope of their countrymen with them, when the explorers shall sail away from May sunshine in England towards the Polar night.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
GIANNETTO.

#### CHAPTER X.

ELVIRA caught a very severe cold that night—so severe that for days she was unable to leave her bed. Like all ailments in Rome, it partook of the nature of low fever, and weakened her greatly. Easter came and went; but when the day drew near on which Giannetto's London engagement was to begin, she was still too weak for so long a journey. Giannetto, therefore, carefully wrapping her up, and making her as comfortable as possible, took her to Florence, and left her under the loving care of Signora

Mattei, while he continued his journey by himself.

Elvira was received by her mother with rapturous joy; the brothers and sisters danced round her; her old father would scarcely let her out of his sight. All this cheered and comforted her wonderfully. There was also the excitement of a wedding in prospect. Adelaide, her second sister, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of seventeen, was to be married to her *fiancé*, Gaetano Vacchini.

Elvira did not recover her strength as they had hoped she would. She was unable to enter into all the bustle of the family arrangements; but it was her great pleasure to furnish Adelaide with money, and send her out shopping with her mother, or with Violante the servant, and then to witness the ecstasies of the delighted girl when she brought home and exhibited her finery.

"See, see, Elvira! this lace, how beautiful! and a silk gown of the new colour! Carola Brei wore one like it at their house; and she said to me, 'Adelaide, now is your time; do not be married without one. Extravagant! Ah, bah! if one is not extravagant when one is married, when is one to be so? And one must be well dressed at first.' Then see! this shawl. I wept, I entreated the mamma; but she would not give it to me. She said that she had not a *baiocco*—that it was flimsy trash; and now, thanks to you—" and Adelaide threw her arms round her sister's neck, half smothering her with kisses.

The wedding-day came, and it was Elvira's task to dress her sister in the pretty white bridal dress her own taste had chosen. She could not keep her tears from falling fast as she watched the little procession start from the door. She was not strong enough for the whole ceremony, so she reserved herself for the last part, waiting till the little procession appeared in sight on their return from the *mairie* in the Borgo Ognissanti, and then joining them on their way to church. The religious ceremony was performed at their parish church, San Marco.

They returned home; and then followed all the packing-up of large boxes of bonbons, to be sent to the friends and relations of the bride and bridegroom, so that there was no time for sitting down to think; and the first leisure moment had to be spent in writing a long account of all that had passed to Giannetto in London.

Elvira was now always on the sofa.

Every day her loving friends tried to believe that she was better; every night found her more weak and restless; and those of their acquaintance less interested and more experienced, perceived too clearly that the bright flush on her cheek was not the hue of returning health.

The day after the wedding brought a large packet of extracts from the English newspapers. Giannetto had found among the chorus-singers a young Italian who understood English pretty well. He was very poor, and thankful to be employed in making rough translations from all the papers of the reports of the great tenor's successes at Covent Garden, for Elvira's benefit. Her pride in her husband's achievements was much increased by the praises thus bestowed on him.

She lay on the sofa, reading them aloud, Signora Celeste, with hands and eyes uplifted, beside her; the old cavaliere, violin in hand, resting it on the ground, and softly beating time with the bow; the children in front; Violante, her sleeves tucked up above her elbows, behind,—all listening as she read how Giannetto had been recalled four times after the fall of the curtain—how each time bouquets had been thrown from every part of the house—and how, on one occasion, he had been three times encored. "No voice," one of the papers said, "had ever been heard in England at all approaching the voice of the new tenor in power or beauty. It was only a pity that he was not a better actor; there was a want of grace in the lighter scenes, his efforts at gaiety and playfulness appeared forced and unnatural." Elvira coloured, and all her listeners defiantly declared that newspaper criticisms were never to be relied on, with the true inconsistency of admiring affection. The papers went on to notice the wonderful strength of Signor Giovanni's voice—how, after singing all night and numerous encores, it was as fresh as ever; and finally, they prophesied that, if the slight defects in his acting could be got over, he would be in truth the very first of his profession.

Elvira put down the papers with a proud heart. She kept them always beside her; for whenever friends and visitors came in (which happened very frequently), Signora Celeste would come bustling up, insisting on reading the whole set of them again; for she dearly loved the congratulations of her neighbours on her now famous son-in-law's

success, and was never tired of hearing them reiterated.

Giannetto was happy in London. His success was complete. He found himself plunged into all the gaieties of a large musical and artistic society, of which he speedily became an *habitué*. He enjoyed the perfection which music, both instrumental and vocal, has attained in England; and, more than all, he enjoyed finding worthy support in his fellow-singers. The "cast" at Covent Garden was a fine one, the orchestra in first-rate condition. No *primo tenore* could have wished for a better introduction to a new audience. He was rich. He was famous.

Giannetto would scarcely acknowledge to himself that it was almost a relief to be away from his wife. Not that he did not love her. His attachment to her was passionate as his Italian nature, but it was the very force of that attachment which gave him the feeling of relief. He had no longer to combat the almost ungovernable longing to tell her his whole life's history, to break down the barrier which his want of confidence had raised between them. While thus absent, he was no longer tormented by her wistful looks. When his abnegation of religion, his absolute alienation from God, betrayed itself, those amongst whom he now lived seemed to be indifferent to such matters, and for the time he felt himself free.

Giannetto studied music indefatigably. He also devoted much time to the improvement of his general education. He engaged a tutor, and worked hard, endeavouring to raise himself to the level of his better-educated companions. Still, occasionally, the old fits of restlessness would return irresistibly for days at a time, during which he could settle to no definite occupation.

He was not altogether popular. He was too capricious, and often too moody to please. He made a point of never permitting companionship to advance beyond a certain limit; so that many who, attracted by his singular power of fascination, imagined themselves on the road to intimacy and confidence, suddenly found their advances coldly received, and themselves treated with something not unlike repulsion. At the same time, he had few enemies. He was never boastful or bragging. The proud feelings of gratified ambition that swelled his heart were for himself alone. Out-

wardly he appeared too haughty to be vain; and he treated his unprecedented success as so much a matter of course, that the lookers-on often wondered whether this arose from the most sublime affectation or simple indifference.

The days passed on; and as the time of Giannetto's return drew near, Elvira became restless and anxious. Her strength began to fail rapidly under a burning inward fever which consumed her; and by degrees a strong conviction dawned upon her that she had not long to live.

One day the cavaliere, entering the music-room, where Elvira usually passed her mornings on the sofa, found her weeping over a letter just received. The kind old man hastily drew a chair near to her, and sat looking at her wistfully through his large spectacles.

"No bad news, my precious child?"

Elvira shook her head. "It is nothing, nothing; only that I am very weak, very foolish. Nino cannot be here for a fortnight more; he has accepted an engagement which will keep him longer in England. Ah, father, dear father! I feel as if there were no time to lose. I must see him before I die!"

"Die! Elvira, child, do not speak of dying."

"I must speak of it, for the time is short; and I must—*Dio mio!*—I must see him before I die. Oh, father mine, I am frightened when I think that I may not see him again. I have so much to say to him."

The old cavaliere slowly brushed away two large tears before he answered—"Alas, my child! I fear sometimes that your life has not been a happy one."

"Happy? Ah yes! happier far than I deserve—but for one grief, one sorrow."

"Felicità?"

"No, no; that grief has at times been almost a joy. I mean that Nino—Alas! what can I say? he loves not God nor holy things."

"Poor little one!"

"Ah, father mine, I have never spoken of this except to him and in my prayers; but now—the relief, the comfort of telling all to you! You say nothing; you only grieve with me. It is that I want. Father, what is this mystery? What does it all mean? Oh, if this barrier could but be broken down that stands between us! Why will he not go to his old home? Alas! what does it all mean?"

"My child," began the cavaliere, "sometimes the indifference of youth—"

"It is not indifference—indeed, not indifference. When I have spoken to him, I have seen the look of grief, the shadow of some great unspoken sorrow, in his face. He seems to shrink—to be afraid—Sometimes—I dread that—that some great crime . . . My God! what have I said?"

She buried her face in her hands, shuddering violently.

The cavaliere laid his hand on her head. "Do not fear, my child. No one is here but your old father, who will help you if he can."

Elvira raised herself again. "Father," she said. "I cannot understand it. When I speak of his mother, he assumes a harshness foreign to his nature. Then, and then only, he has been unkind to me. Alas! he made me promise never to ask him to go home again; but while he spoke so harshly, his lips were quivering, his eyes looked at me in such agony. Ah! what can it mean?—what can it mean?"

"My precious child!"

"Long ago, my mother had an idea that all was not right. I know not why, but she thought it was something to do with his voice—possibly that he might have become a singer in defiance of the wishes of his mother and his friends—who knows? I cannot tell why she thought so. She tried to learn what she could from the English Conte. He had nothing to tell her. What could he have had to say? And, alas! the fact remains the same. And he may die repentant, unabsolved. *Dio mio!* my heart will break!"

"Elvira, darling!"

"Oh, father, night and day I pray that I may be spared to see him once—only once again! Through the long hours of the night, when I lie awake, I am planning what to say to him, what arguments to use, what points to urge; and I am so ignorant, it all ends in this, 'Nino, Nino! if you love me—for my sake!'"

The old cavaliere only kissed her forehead; his voice was choked—he could not speak. Elvira looked up at him with her large sad eyes. She went on—"Fra Geronimo tells me that if I am patient, and go on hoping and praying, he will at last be won; but time goes on, and he cannot come home for a fortnight longer, and who knows whether I shall live so long? Father, give me this promise—if

I should get worse, send an express for him at once. Let me feel that I can rely on this. Even should it be a false alarm, he will forgive it; and I must see him before I die."

"I promise, Elvira, my darling; let me write at once. Surely it is better that he should be with you now?"

"No; do not call him home if you can help it. Sometimes I feel as if the very longing to see him again will serve to keep me alive until he comes. Father, dear father, if I fail in persuading him, do not give him up; but, for my sake, look on him as you would on a son of your own." She went on, almost to herself, "Nino loves his mother, I am sure of it; and he loves that good priest who wrote to me. What can it mean? Why does he feign anger when I speak of them? Why does he make believe that he does not love them? It cannot be as my mother thought—they would have been so proud of his singing; and yet how unwilling he is to speak of his voice. His whole life before we first met is a perfect blank to me."

The cavaliere resumed gently, "My child, are you sure that you are not imagining all kinds of foolish things? Giovanni is young, and strong, and thoughtless. When sorrow comes, or illness, or any sad experience, he will turn where only comfort can be found."

"Father, have you then not noticed the dread he has of sacred things? It is not indifference. I have seen him stand looking through the door into a church, with a look of longing that went to my heart. Then if I begged him to come in, he would be angry, and irritable; but I could see his great distress. Once he said to me, 'You do not know the sacrifice you wish me to make;' and I did not know—alas! I sometimes fear that I shall never know what he meant."

Though exhausted at the time, Elvira felt much comfort from this conversation with her father. It was a relief to have spoken of her sorrows; and his silent sympathy was more to her than any words could have been.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE season came to an end in London, Parliament adjourned, and the fashionable world dispersed in all directions. Giovanni's last appearance at Covent Garden was over; and, rich in fame and purse, he prepared to return home.

But yet one more triumph awaited him. He received an offer from Paris, too lib-

eral for him to refuse. He consented to sing for two nights only, on condition of the terms being doubled. The arrogant demand was immediately acceded to, and Giovanni went over to Paris.

His success was complete. He was borne from the concert-hall on the shoulders of the crowd. Wherever he went they flocked to see him. He received presents of every description, bouquets and jewels; the *conservatoire* crowned him, and bestowed honorary titles on him.

"I have nothing left to wish for," he wrote to Elvira. "I am on the topmost step of the ladder. Rejoice with me; I have nothing more to win."

He returned to his hotel the last night before leaving Paris, to find a foreign despatch on the table. The message was very brief: "Elvira is frightfully ill: come quickly, if you would see her alive."

Who can describe the misery of that journey? Night and day he travelled, and it seemed to him that the swift express trains crawled at a foot-pace. The time lost in crossing Mont Cenis seemed interminable—double and treble relays of horses and mules were sent on, but the time seemed endless.

He reached Florence at last. There, waiting for him at the station, stood the old cavaliere. "She is better!" he shouted, before the train had time to stop. "She is already better, thanks be to God!"

Before many moments had passed, Giannetto stood by the bedside of his wife.

Though the summer was at its height, the warm weather had not restored Elvira's strength. Her family, always beside her, did not perceive how thin she grew; and they became so much accustomed to the little short cough, which had never left her since her illness at Rome, that at last they scarcely noticed it at all.

The lovely colour that now so frequently succeeded her paleness, fore-shadowed, alas! too truly, the dreaded *malattia Inglese*—the consumption that is so little known, but so greatly feared, in Italy. She had not appeared more failing or ill than usual, when one day she was seized with a very violent fit of coughing, attended with much pain. Fearful that she had caught fresh cold, they sent for the doctor, who pronounced her to be suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs. "She cannot live," said the doctor; "the disease gains



ground. It may be days or weeks, possibly months; but I can do nothing."

Two days afterwards she broke a blood-vessel; and the danger seemed so imminent that they at once telegraphed for Giannetto. Before his arrival, however, the first anxiety had passed away; and, although much weakened, she was pronounced out of immediate danger.

Giannetto proved a most tender and efficient nurse; but he absolutely refused to believe in her danger, and was almost rude to the doctor when he spoke despondingly of his patient's state. He was always insisting that she was better, getting well.

Everything that money could procure of the rarest and most costly nature he obtained for Elvira; soft eider-down from Germany, rich Indian shawls, luxurious English sofas and invalid chairs. He liked her to wear costly lace, and put beautiful rings that he had purchased for her in London and Paris on her little thin fingers.

"My Elvira is a great and rich lady," he said to her; "and when she is well again, we will buy a beautiful villa at Florence, and become grand signori."

She would sometimes hold out her fingers and watch the rings drop off one by one. "Look, Nino mine," she said; "like these, the pleasures and riches of this world are dropping from me!" He could not be angry with her now when she said these things.

Fra Geronimo was living at his Franciscan home at Fiesole when the news reached him of Giannetto's return to Florence. He waited some days, and then determined that he would seek him out. Two or three times he called at the Casa Mattei, and each time Giannetto was denied to him. Once Elvira sent for him, and begged him to see her husband; and, if necessary, to force him into an interview.

"Father," she said, "I feel that every day that passes now is an opportunity lost. See him, and tell him that I am dying, that before many weeks he will be alone; and tell him that I cannot die till his soul is safe, till he returns to the God whom he has forsaken. Father," she added suddenly, the hectic hue flushing into her face, "it is not that he does not believe; he believes—he suffers—I know it."

"He believes and suffers," repeated the friar. "My daughter, I have prayed long for him. I have striven against the power of the enemy; and by God's grace

I shall prevail, and his soul shall be saved!"

That night, when all were at rest, Fra Geronimo slowly and patiently paced the Borgo Pinti. He knew that this was the hour in which Giannetto allowed himself exercise and relaxation from the constant attendance on his wife; and he awaited his return homeward.

The night was calm and still, the silence only now and then broken by the irregular clang of different church-bells, telling the quarters of each passing hour. The shadow of the tall friar looked almost gigantic as it fell before him; and Giannetto started back when he saw it, as he came up the street, and the song he had been softly singing died away unfinished on his lips.

"Giannetto," said the friar—and Giannetto started again at the sound of his old, once familiar name—"I have sought you day after day, and the doors are closed against me. I must speak with you, Giannetto."

"Would that you would leave me to myself," said Giannetto, angrily; "I need no meddling monk to pry into my affairs."

The friar laid his hand powerfully upon his arm. "I know your secret," he said. "You have nothing to tell me that I do not know."

Giannetto shuddered. "Then I need tell you nothing, father. Leave me in peace."

They had reached the door of the house. Almost as if the hand of the friar acted on him as a spell, Giannetto opened it; and they passed side by side into a large room on the ground-floor. It was not dark, for the moon streamed in, and her ghostly, colourless light filled the room.

Giannetto flung himself down on a chair, his face turned sullenly away. Fra Geronimo slowly paced the room, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Giannetto," he said—and the low hollow tone spoke of mental and physical suffering—"I must have you listen, and forgive me if I speak too much of myself. I was once young, and strong, and brilliant, as you are now. My life began in courts. I was rich, I was prosperous, and beloved. Giannetto, I also was a scoffer. To me, God was a mockery; religion the foolery of priests and women. My life was all enjoyment. I cared for nothing, thought of nothing, but the pleasures of the hour. I watched

my mother's heart break slowly; for, Giannetto, she loved me—I was her idol, and I spurned her God. She had another son." The friar's voice grew lower and more husky as he spoke on.

"This son was young, and fresh, and innocent. On her deathbed she charged me to guard and watch over him for her sake. O God! O God! I swore to do so. I broke the oath. I was wild, dissolute, and recked not what I did. Into the dark regions of sin and hell I led him. I surrounded him with temptation. I laughed to see him yield; and thus I led him on, from bad to worse, till the measure of his iniquity was full, and there was no time for atonement. Giannetto, he died cursing God and man; and I knew that I—I—his brother, his sworn guardian—had driven him to damnation!"

He paused in his walk to and fro, and clasping his hands, he stood before Giannetto, who had bowed his head on the table.

"I tell you, that since that hour I have known no peace. I tore myself from home,—it was a time of madness and despair. I sought oblivion in vain; the wild eyes of my dying brother haunted me night and day, and the awful blasphemy of his words, as the foam of death was gathering on his lips—good God! they haunt me now. Then came a time of illness, and all said that I must die; but life was strong within me, and there was work for me to do. I lived—a blighted, suffering man—for God had work for me to do.

"There was a priest, an old man, who came to tend me. God has rewarded him for what he did for me. He gave me hope; he bade me spend my life in bringing souls to God. 'Atone,' he said; 'bring back the fallen ones to Christ; and so, by saving many souls, atone for destroying one.'

"I went forth to the combat, armed by St. Francis with humility, fasting, and poverty: and the years go on, but the atonement is yet unaccomplished. I pray, I fast; but there is one soul I cannot win, there is one sinner I cannot save. Giannetto, have pity on me—have pity on yourself!"

He stood before him, tall and powerful; and the pale moon lit up his figure, leaving Giannetto shrunken, shivering in the shade. The monk's voice changed to a softer, gentler strain—

"Nino, my son, there is not much time remaining. The light of another world

begins to beam on the brow of your angel-wife—she is dying! You strive not to believe it; but, Nino, it is true. Not many weeks are left you of her love—the time flies fast,—repent while yet she lives, and let her die in peace! Tell her all. You have much to renounce—fame, riches, happiness—but you have all to gain. I charge you, if you love her, to repent!" Another pause. The friar sank on his knees.

"Once more, Giannetto, I beseech you to repent! Suffering! what is present suffering compared to the peace which passeth all understanding? What is daily, hourly suffering, compared to the agony of unrepentant remorse—remorse that will stand beside you night and day, will infuse a bitter gall into every pleasure, will sharpen every pain, and will linger on in the very memory of your young dead wife? Have pity on Elvira—have pity on yourself!"

Still Giannetto lay with his arms stretched out before him, and his head hidden. He writhed as the friar spoke, but he answered nothing.

Once more the friar rose to his full height, gazing down on the prostrate figure—"Giannetto, one more appeal! Who are you, what are you, that you should brave the wrath of God? The worm crushed under the foot of man is not more impotent or more contemptible. There, as you stand, the strength of manhood pours through your veins, your intellect tells you that in knowledge of good and evil man is as a god, and yet, in the pride of your being, you cannot understand what it is to die. Now is your hour, you say; but the hour passes away, and you are not. You believe—I know it; it is not that you cannot believe. It is that openly and avowedly you say, 'Let me eat and drink, for to-morrow I die!' And thus you would make the word of God of none effect; and such will be the end—you will eat and drink, and to-morrow you die—unless—My son, my son! eighteen hundred years ago, an atonement was made for man, in suffering, in agony, in shame! Your Saviour pitied you; have pity on yourself!"

Giannetto raised his head—the agony of the struggle was visible in his haggard face, but the conquest was achieved. "Father, father, I yield! Teach me to repent!"

Long hours through that night Giannetto and the Franciscan remained together. Giannetto made a full and free

confession. No ear heard or eye saw what passed between them; but the dawn had already gleamed in the sky before they separated,—Giannetto, worn out, to throw himself on his bed; the friar to go on with his work, fasting and in prayer, before the mercy-seat of God.

The following day was Sunday, and Elvira rose from her bed about the middle of the day; but Giannetto did not come as usual to carry her into the music-room, and watch and tend her. Her father brought her in before going to mass, and they left her alone, anxious and watching for her husband's coming.

After they were all gone, Giannetto came quietly in and stood by her side. She raised her eyes to his face, and saw that it was very pale; but there was a look in his eyes, as he knelt down beside her, that gave her heart such a strange bound of hope, that for one moment she was speechless.

He knelt on silently by the couch, where she lay pure as a lily and almost as white, his eyes eagerly watching every movement of her sweet face.

"Nino," she said at length, "I had a dream last night—such a strange dream! It seemed to me that I lay here as usual, and yet the room was not the same. A window was before me, the lattice set wide open; and a glorious stream of yellow light was flooding in,—and there, in the light, which shone like a golden glory, knelt our little child. Her hands were clasped in prayer, and she was dressed, like the holy innocents, in purest white; and all around her, shadowy, till they seemed but wings of pearl, hovered the pigeons of St. Mark. The child was praying, and at times she appeared to pause and listen intently. Sadness, then anxiety, then sorrow, seemed to follow each other in shades across her face as she listened—then all changed into one brilliant, radiant smile; her little hands were uplifted, her robe seemed to become a robe of glory, and a soft cloud hid her from my sight. There was a sound of sweet singing in the air, and I thought I heard the words, 'Alleluia! Alleluia! a triumph has been won!' Then all passed away, till I felt something soft and warm in my arms, nestling to me, and a little voice, which said, 'Mother, mother, I have finished the work that was given me to do,'—and I awoke. It was only the first peep of dawn, but already some one was leaving the house, for I heard steps going down the street. Oh, Nino! my arms feel so empty, my

heart so hungry! Nino, Nino! she never learnt to call me mother!" She hid her face, struggling with her tears.

Giannetto held her closely in his arms; then taking her small thin hands in his, he drew them on to his bowed head, as he murmured rather than spoke—"Elvira, pray for me, that God will be merciful to me a sinner."

Elvira started up, her face beaming with a perfect joy—"Oh, my Nino, is it true? Has God granted me this precious gift? Now at last I can die in peace."

"Not die, my darling; oh, not die! Live, to help me to atone for the bitter past!"

"Ah, Nino! we will go home together, and kneel at your mother's knees, and she will bless us both, and all will thenceforth be peace." Then suddenly she added, "Let us go at once, Nino. Do not put it off one single day. The poor mother, she has watched and pined so long! Ah, how happy I am now!"

"Elvira," said Giannetto, clasping her hands, "it shall be as you say; but—but then you must learn my secret,"—and he shuddered violently. "Can you bear it?"

"Nino," she said, gently, "there are no secrets in the grave." She lay back, breathless and exhausted.

Nino went on, speaking very gently—"Elvira mine, Fra Geronimo must go with us; he would wish to be with you—"

"At the last," she finished; for he had bowed his head in grief too deep for tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE long and painful journey was over, and at last Elvira lay in her husband's early home. It had been a very difficult one: many times they had stopped on the way, terrified at the deadly weakness which crept over her, and it was always her own wish that hurried them on.

"Let us hasten, Nino," she would say—"let us hasten on; the time grows very short." The last two hours she had to be carried in a litter on men's shoulders, for the paths to San Jacopo were too rough and narrow for any other mode of conveyance.

Every comfort and luxury that she could think of had been sent on by Signora Celeste. She herself accompanied them part of the way, and then returned to Florence, by Elvira's special wish. Elvira had a sort of feeling that, in giv-

ing herself entirely to Carola's care, she should in some measure make up for Giannetto's long neglect.

Carola spent her days of expectation wandering through the house, arranging and rearranging, over and over again, the bed, sofa, and soft chairs which had arrived from Florence. Her joy in receiving again her long-lost son was very great. She greeted him with the brightest, happiest of looks, and refrained from one word of reproach; but the sight of her worn and altered face grieved him more than any words she could have uttered.

The *curato* was much changed; he was failing fast, and very infirm. He was glad to welcome Giannetto back; but there was a certain sternness even in his welcome which Giannetto perceived at once. The good priest was far too just-minded and honest-hearted not to show by his manner that he greatly blamed his old pupil for his long and cruel absence.

By his old companions and fellow-fishermen Giannetto was received with a good deal of awe and wonder, but little cordiality. All perceived at a glance the great disparity that had been established between them, in manner, dress, and appearance, as much as in wealth and station. It was a relief now and then to poor Carola to go out and have a comfortable chat with one or other of her friends; for the refinement that filled her own house bewildered her. "I feel as if he were not my own son," she would say, rather piteously. "He is such a grand signore, it would become me rather to curtsy to him, and wait upon him, than he should do everything for me, as he does now; and my daughter-in-law—alas! it is sad to see how she fades away! Truly, she is already an angel!" And the good woman brushed away a tear.

Fra Geronimo had taken up his abode in the house of young Andrea. On Sunday he preached to the fisher-congregation, and at other times visited the sick and poor, and spent his time with the good *curato*.

It was evening. All was profoundly calm and still. The little waves came softly in, kissing the pebbles on the beach; the fisher-boats dotted the almost unbroken surface of the blue wide sea; and now and then a sea-gull, gleaming white as snow, dipped his long wings in the water, uttering his strange wild cry, and shaking off the drops, all shining, from his plumage.

Elvira lay, propped up by cushions, close to the window of her room, which looked towards the sea. It was set wide open so that she might catch the faintest breath of air. Carola was beside her; Giannetto knelt in his customary attitude; Fra Geronimo sat like a statue, dark and motionless, in a corner of the room. Carola was telling Elvira, in broken words, the early history of her son.

"It is now," she said, "some thirty years since our Giannetto was born, and before one year had passed his father died. It was a bitter trial to me, as you may well conceive, when years passed on, and my boy, my one comfort and hope, continued speechless. We tried to think that it was only slow development—that the power of speech would come; but, alas! more and more it grew upon us as a fact, that my child was dumb—dumb from his birth. Giannetto, give her wine. This hot weather makes her faint, poor child!"

Giannetto gave her wine, which she swallowed eagerly. "Go on, go on," she said; and Carola proceeded:

"Giannetto was a good and loving child. For a long time it seemed as if his sad misfortune would not affect his happiness; but as he grew older, alas! they took to mocking him—boys and men would laugh at his infirmity, and make him furious. His father before him was a passionate man, but not so passionate as our Giannetto. Had it not been for the goodness of our *curato*, I know not what I could have done. He took him somewhat off my hands, gave him an education, loved him, cared for him, and, as I thought, was curing him of all his wild vain longings. Elvira, my sweet daughter, he was such a beautiful and clever boy! None in all the country round were like him—so strong, so active! Perhaps some of the taunting arose from jealousy; for no one, in work or sport, did half so well as he: and yet they seized upon his one defect, and never gave him peace.

"So it went on. As my boy grew older, he grew more sad; and yet I know not why. I thought he was becoming more resigned. Perhaps it was that I had prayed so long—that I had learnt to think I saw my prayer's accomplishment.

"So it was—such was his state—when an English Conte came to San Jacopo; but, Elvira, you have heard all this before?"

Elvira shook her head. "Go on, go on," she repeated.

"He was a good and kind-hearted man, this Signor Conte, and he took much interest in my boy. I had saved up a little sum, but very little, for then we were very poor; and the *curato* also had a few *lire*, but so few—for, just before, the little he had saved had all to be given away to a poor widow who was ill. This money we had meant to lay up, and add to, till there should be enough to send Giannetto to some great doctor who perhaps might cure him; but when the Signor Conte heard our story, he proposed to take Giannetto with him to Nice, to let him see the doctors there.

"Ah! who can tell our gratitude? It seemed a gift sent straight from heaven. I wearied the Madonna and San Jacopo with thanks. He was gone three days, and on the fourth came back."

Elvira started forward—"Cured? You say he was cured?"

"Alas! no," replied Carola. "He came home driven to despair; for they had told him plainly, had said that his infirmity was quite incurable—that none ever recovered who were born dumb."

Elvira sank back. Again they gave her wine. She looked faint and exhausted, but murmured still, "Go on."

"Alas! I come to the mystery of my story. He was half mad and in despair. Every day I saw how the fire was burning within. He grew reckless; he cared not what he did. But surely, surely you have heard all this before?"

"There was a storm, so wild, so terrible, it seemed a marvel that anything alive escaped; and all night long my boy was out at sea. The great waves came roaring in; the thunder crashed and rolled. *Santa Maria!* as we stood on the beach we thought the Last Day had come! With the first early streak of dawn I heard a strange sound from the sea. Elvira, you know it well. It was Giannetto singing. Over the storm it rose; it made me shrink with terror. For the first time I heard the voice of my son: his life was saved and his dumbness cured." She covered her face with her hands for one moment, then looked up, the tears streaming from her eyes. "But, alas! from that time forward he never crossed the threshold of a church—he never confessed—he spurned all holy things—he was, we feared, forsaken by his God!"

From the darkening corner where he sat, Geronimo drew near. He spoke low,

and with authority. "Giannetto, the time has come; tell all."

The shadows of evening were growing deeper, and Elvira lay pale and motionless.

"Elvira, you shall know all." Giannetto's voice was so harsh and husky, that they scarcely recognized its sound. "You, who have never known such things, how can you understand what it was to me when my hopes were dashed to the ground? How can you know? You were never shut out and isolated from your fellow-men—despised, scorned, and mocked—an outcast from them all. From a child, the rebellion in my heart had been growing stronger. Why was I born? What had I done to be so miserable? One thing that always maddened me was the sound of music. I loved it with a passionate love; and, alas! it was the sound of the human voice that was my passion.

"The *curato* once gave me a violin. I had it for some days; then I told him I had lost it. It was not true—I had broken it into a thousand pieces; for I could only produce sounds which roused up all my passionate longings, and made me more embittered than ever. He used to talk to me of resignation—it seemed such a mockery! Why should I be resigned? Why was I—I only—to be singled out for laughter and for shame? What had God done for me that I should be resigned?"

"Elvira, at this time that my mother tells you of, these wild and wicked thoughts were strongest. It was but shortly before that the cruel blow had fallen, when they had told me I had no hope; and I was desperate.

"I was out alone that awful night, far out at sea, when the storm came on. I was mad. I longed to die. I saw Death close to me, staring me in the face; and in my frenzy I said in my heart, 'Let me curse God and die!' The waves came leaping round me; the lightning seemed to rend open all the depths of the heavens. It came on me, fiercely and more fierce, that mad thought, never to go home, but out there—alone—to curse my God and die. I was on my knees, and in my agony I cried, 'What is life to me? Only grant me the power of speech, and I care not for death or hell! Speech! speech! and I care not for my soul!' Elvira, I know not how, but either from heaven or hell that awful cry was answered. I heard the first sound of my own voice, and I sank down cowering



in the boat, in a terror too great for utterance. I thought I had sold my soul! Elvira, Elvira, hear me still! He says — (catching the monk's robe, he held it up convulsively) — "he says it may have come from God. That in that form it may have been sent as a great and terrible temptation — that my cry may have been answered from heaven, not hell. Oh, who can say what comfort these words have given me! I have thought there was no atonement. I have thought that, even if there were repentance, it would imply renunciation of my voice, my whole career. God help me! I thought that I had sold my soul! Elvira! wife!" But Elvira lay insensible.

For days after this terrible narration, Elvira hovered between life and death. At last there came a time in which they said, "All hope is over, and but few hours are left."

She lay, as usual, by the window, panting for air; and Giannetto alone was with her. In feeble, gasping words she spoke to him of hope to come, of pardon, and of peace. She was going home, she said, leaving him alone in the wide and weary world, perhaps through long, long years of penance, to expiate his sin. Giannetto's head was bowed, and he only reiterated — "Elvira! O Elvira! do not leave me!"

She told him she was going before — to pray for him. Once, in bitter anguish, he cried aloud, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But she spoke on; and ever her words dwelt on the peace which passeth understanding — on the reward to be looked for, by God's grace, when the weary race is run.

And so the hours drew on.

Over the dark sea, over the silent streets, the night came softly down. One by one the large pale stars shone out in the southern sky.

Breaking the solemn watches of the night, came the low murmur of chanting, and the tinkling of a little bell. Out of the church passed a slow procession bearing the viaticum to a passing soul. Two and two, followed the simple fishermen to the door of Giannetto's house, and then they knelt down in the street, and the priest and Fra Geronimo went in alone.

It was over. The last rites were accomplished, the last words said, and they thought that she slept. Giannetto knelt beside her bed, his eyes fixed on her face, his hands clasping hers.

Pale, and not understanding such a

woe, the peasant-mother watched and wept; and the long hours stole on.

Suddenly burst a cry from Carola — "Giannetto! O Giannetto!"

"Hush, hush!" he said; "you will wake her — she sleeps!"

"Not sleep, Giannetto; it is not sleep, but death!"

Still he knelt on, as if he had not heard; and her hands were growing cold in his. All thought, all feeling gone, save one, that she was dead — his idol — his beloved — gone from him, and forever!

Seeing that he did not move, Carola went out and called Fra Geronimo. Tenderly the Franciscan laid his hand on Giannetto's shoulder. "Giannetto," he said, "my son, come with me."

Gentle and docile as a child, Giannetto rose and followed him out, a broken-hearted man.

The fishermen were waiting for him outside in the street — foremost among them Pietro Zei — all eager to grasp his hands. "Giannetto! Giannetto! pardon us; we knew not what we did. Ah! pardon, pardon us!"

They thronged round him. Giannetto took Pietro's outstretched hand, raising his glassy eyes from the ground. "Friends," he said, "as I hope to be forgiven, I forgive you freely."

He went on with the friar to the *curato's* house, leaving the rough fishermen sobbing like children.

A few days after the funeral of his wife, Giannetto left his native town with the Franciscan. I heard from the *curato* that he had entered one of the religious orders; and some years passed away.

Once more I heard of him. We were living near Pisa; and one day, with a small number of friends, we visited a Carthusian monastery in a remote valley, which is very little known to the world in general. It was a wild, desolate place — the monks supporting themselves by the produce of their land, and by the alms bestowed on them in requital for their prayers.

There were about twelve of them at the time of our visit — fewer than usual; for fever, combined with the peculiar austerities of their order, had considerably thinned their ranks.

The women of our party were not admitted within the gates; but I myself and a friend were taken by a lay brother to the cell of the superior, and round the buildings.

The superior received us with dignified

courtesy, and showed us as much of the monastery as was allowed. He conducted us into the gloomy chapel, where one or two of the white robed monks were kneeling. They never moved when we entered, but knelt on, rigid, as if hewn out of the stone. He showed us the beautiful cloister with its twisted marble pillars and vaulted roof. On the walls, cut on the stone, were the names of the dead, their secular names as well as those adopted by them on entering the order — the last link after death with the outer world — and among them I read this —

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NENCINI. FRA GIOVANNI. DEO GRATIAS.

I turned to the superior and asked him when this penitent had died. "Two years ago," he said. "Fra Giovanni led the holiest of lives. He practised every penance and austerity permitted by our rule; and from the time he took the vows, he never spoke again. No ear ever heard the sound of his voice till the last moment of his life. He died of the *malaria* in the heat of summer. He lay on ashes in the chapel, for such was his humble desire; and when the last moment came, he stretched out his arms as if to grasp some vision, and fell back murmuring '*Deo gratias.*' And see, we had those words engraved below his name."

It was, from first to last, a strange story, and one that I can never forget. I wished to hear more of those years after Elvira's death; but the *curato* was dead, and I could find no trace of Fra Geronimo. I sought after him for some time, and did not give up the quest till I had learnt that he had been sent on some far-off foreign mission in the East.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### LIFE, PAST AND FUTURE, IN OTHER WORLDS.

DURING the summer months of this year two planets will be conspicuous which illustrate strikingly the varieties of condition distinguishing the members of the solar system from each other. One is the planet Jupiter, at his nearest and brightest in the middle of April, but conspicuous as an evening star for several months thereafter; the other is the planet Mars, shining with chief splendour towards the end of June, but distinguishable by his brightness and colour for

several weeks before and after that time. We have had occasion to consider these two planets in three essays in these pages. The first, called "Life in Mars," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1871, dealt with the theory that life probably exists in Mars. This theory, which may be called the Brewsterian theory, was not viewed unfavourably in the essay; for in fact the writer at that time regarded the theory as on the whole more probable than Whewell's. The second essay, which related to the planet Jupiter, bore the title "A Giant Planet," and appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1872. In this essay, the largest of all the planets was certainly not presented as the probable abode of life, though, on the other hand, the theory advanced respecting Jupiter could hardly be called a Whewellite theory. For Whewell, as our readers doubtless remember, advanced the theory that the globe of Jupiter probably consists in the main of water, with perhaps a cindery nucleus, and maintained that if any kind of life exists at all in this planet, its inhabitants must be pulpy, gelatinous creatures, living in a dismal world of water and ice; whereas we pointed to evidence showing that an intense heat pervades the whole globe of Jupiter, and causes disturbances so tremendous that life would be impossible there even if we could conceive the existence of creatures capable of enduring the planet's fiery heat. Yet a year later there appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July 1873, a Whewellite essay on Mars, in which we dealt with certain considerations opposed to the Brewsterian theory that life probably exists on the ruddy planet. Without absolutely adopting Whewell's view, we discussed those facts which "would certainly not be left untouched by Whewell if he now lived and sought to maintain his position against the believers in 'more worlds than one.'"

Those three essays illustrate, but do not strictly synchronize with, the gradual change in the writer's ideas respecting the subject of life in other worlds. In fact, so far back as the close of the year 1869, he had begun to regard doubtfully the theory of Brewster, which until then had appeared on the whole the most reasonable way of viewing the celestial bodies. The careful study of the planets Jupiter and Saturn had shown that the theory of their being the abode of life (that is, of any kind of life in the least resembling the forms we are familiar with)

is altogether untenable. The great difference between those planets and the members of the smaller planetary family of which our earth is the chief, suggested that in truth the major planets belong to another order of orbs altogether, and that we have as much or as little reason for comparing them to the sun as for comparing them to the earth on which we live. Nevertheless, in the case of Venus and Mars, the features of resemblance to our earth predominate over those of dissimilarity; and it was natural that the writer, while rejecting the theory of life in Jupiter or Saturn as opposed to all the available evidence, should still consider the theory of life in Mars or Venus as at least plausible. Ideas on such subjects are not less tenacious than theories on matters more strictly scientific. Not only so, but the bearing of newly-recognized facts on long-entertained theories is not at once recognized even by those most careful to square their opinions according to the evidence they are acquainted with. Again and again it has happened that students of science (in which term we include the leaders of scientific opinions) have been found recording and explaining in one chapter some newly-recognized fact, while in another chapter they have described with approval some old theory, in total forgetfulness of the fact that with the new discovery the old theory has become altogether untenable. Sometimes the incongruity is not recognized until it has been pointed out by others. Sometimes so thoroughly do our prepossessions become "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," that even the clearest reasoning does not prevent the student of science from combining the acceptance of a newly-discovered fact with continued belief in a theory which that fact entirely disproves. Let the matter be explained as it may, it was only gradually that both the Brewsterian and Whewellite theories of life in other worlds gave place in the writer's mind to a theory in one sense intermediate to them, in another sense opposed to both, which seems to accord better than either with what we know about our own earth, about the other members of the solar system, and about other suns which people space. What we now propose to do is to present this theory as specially illustrated by the two planets which adorn our evening skies during the summer months of the present year.

But it may be asked at the outset, whether the question of life in other

worlds is worthy of the attention thus directed to it. Seeing that we have not and can never have positive knowledge on the subject, is it to be regarded as, in the scientific sense, worthy of discussion at all? Can the astronomer or the geologist, the physicist or the biologist, know more on this subject than those who have no special knowledge of astronomy, or geology, or physics, or biology? The astronomer can say how large such and such a planet is, its average density, the length of its day and its year, the light-reflecting qualities of its service, even (with the physicist's aid) the nature of the atmosphere surrounding it, and so on; the geologist can tell much about the past history of our own earth, whence we may infer the variations of condition which other earths in the universe probably undergo; the physicist, besides aiding the astronomer in his inquiries into the condition of other orbs, can determine somewhat respecting the physical requirements of living creatures; and the biologist can show how the races inhabiting our earth have gradually become modified in accordance with the varying conditions surrounding them, how certain ill-adapted races have died out while well-adapted races have thriven and multiplied, and how matters have so proceeded that during the whole time since life began upon our earth there has been no danger of the disappearance of any of the leading orders of living creatures. But no astronomer, or geologist, or physicist, or biologist, can tell us anything certain about life in other worlds. If a man possessed the fullest knowledge of all the leading branches of scientific research, he would remain perfectly ignorant as to the actual state of affairs in the planets even of our own system. His ideas about other worlds must still be speculative; and the most ignorant can speculate on such matters as freely as the most learned. Indeed the ignorant can speculate a great deal more freely. And it is *here*, precisely, that knowledge has the advantage. The student of science feels that in such matters he must be guided by the analogies which have been already brought to his knowledge. If he rejects the Brewsterian or the Whewellite theory, it is not because either theory is a mere speculation for which he feels free to substitute a speculation of his own; but because, on a careful consideration of the facts, he finds that the analogies on which each theory was based were either insufficient, or were not correctly dealt with, and that

other analogies, or these when rightly viewed, point to a different conclusion as more probable.

Nor need we be concerned by the consideration that there can be no scientific value in any conclusion to which we may be led on the subject of life in other worlds, even though our method of reasoning be so far scientific that the argument from analogy is correctly dealt with. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that as respects the great purposes for which science is studied, it is as instructive to think over the question of life in other worlds as to reason about matters which are commonly regarded as purely scientific. It is scientific to infer from observations of a planet that it has such and such a diameter, or such and such a mass; and thence to infer that its surface contains so many millions of square miles, its volume so many millions of cubic miles, its mass so many billions or trillions of tons; yet these facts are not impressive in themselves. It is only when we consider them in connection with what we know about our own earth that they acquire meaning, or at least that they have any real interest for us. For then alone do we recognize their bearing on the great problem which underlies all science,—the question of the meaning of the wonderful machinery at work around us; machinery of which we are ourselves a portion.\*

In suggesting views respecting Jupiter and Mars unlike those which have been commonly received with favour, it is not by any means our purpose, as the reader might anticipate, to depart from the usual course of judging the unknown by the known. Although that course is fraught with difficulties, and has often led the student of science astray, it is in such inquiries as the present the proper, one may almost say the only, course.

\* It has often seemed to us that a description, by the close observer Dickens, of the fancies of a brain disordered by fever, corresponds with feelings which the student of science is apt to experience as the sense of the awful mystery of the universe impresses itself on his soul:—"The time seemed interminable. I confounded impossible existences with my own identity. . . . I was as a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped and my part in it hammered off." Of all the wonders that the student of science deals with, of all the mysteries that perplex him, is there aught more wonderful, more perplexing, than the thought that he, a part of the mighty machinery of the universe, should anxiously inquire into its nature and motions, should seek to interpret the design of its Maker, and should be concerned as to his own share in the working of the mysterious mechanism?

The exception we take to the ordinary views is not based on the fact that too much reliance has been placed on the argument from analogy, but that the argument has been incorrectly employed. A just use of the argument leads to conclusions very different from those commonly accepted, but not less different from that theory of the universe to which Whewell seems to have felt himself driven by his recognition of the illogical nature of the ordinary theory respecting the plurality of worlds.

Let us consider what the argument from analogy really teaches us in this case.

The just use of the argument from analogy requires that we should form our opinion respecting the other planets, chiefly by considering the lessons taught us by our own earth, the only planet we are acquainted with. Indeed, it has been thus that the belief in many inhabited worlds has been supported; so that if we employ the evidence given by our own earth, we cannot be said to adopt a novel method of reasoning, though we may be led to novel conclusions.

The fact that the earth is inhabited, affords, of course, an argument in favour of the theory that the other planets are also inhabited. In other words, a certain degree of probability is given to this theory. But we must look somewhat more closely into the matter to ascertain what that probability may amount to. For there are all orders of probability, from uncertainty down to a degree of probability so low that it approaches closely to that extremest form of improbability which we call impossibility. It is well at once to take this logical basis; for there are few mistakes more mischievous than the supposition that a theory supported by certain evidence derives from that evidence a probability equal to that of the evidence itself. It is absolutely certain that the one planet we know is inhabited; but it by no means follows certainly that planets like the earth support life, still less that planets unlike the earth do so, and least of all that every planet is now the abode of life.

A higher degree of probability in favour of the theory that there are many inhabited worlds arises from a consideration of the *manner* in which life exists on the earth. If one could judge of a *purpose* (according to our way of thinking) in all that is going on around us, our earth might teach us to regard the support of life as nature's great purpose.

Earth, water, and air, alike teem with life. No peculiarities of climate seem able to banish life. As we have said elsewhere, "In the bitter cold within the Arctic regions, with their strange alternations of long summer days and long winter nights, their frozen seas, perennial ice, and scanty vegetation, life flourishes in a hundred different forms. On the other hand, the torrid zone, with its blazing heat, its long-continued droughts, its strange absence of true seasonal changes, and its trying alternations of oppressive calms and fiercely raging hurricanes, nourishes even more numerous and varied forms of life than the great temperate zones. Around mountain summits as in the depths of the most secluded valleys, in mid-ocean as in the arid desert, in the air as beneath the surface of the earth, we find a myriad forms of life." Nor is the scene changed when, with the mind's eye, we contemplate the earth during the past ages of her history, even to the most remote stage of her existence, as a planet fit to be the abode of life. Whenever there was life at all, there was abundant life. For though no traces remain of a million forms of life which co-existed with the few forms recognized as belonging to this or that geologic era, yet we can infer from the forms of which traces remain that others must have been present which have left no trace of their existence. The skeletons of mighty carnivora assure us that multitudes of creatures existed on which those monsters fed. The great sea creatures whose remains have been found attest the existence of many races of small fish. The mighty pterodactyl did not range through desert aerial regions, for he could exist only where many orders of aerial creatures also existed. Of minute creatures inhabiting the water we have records in the strata formed as generation after generation sank to the sea-bottom after death, whereas the correspondingly minute inhabitants of the land and of the air have left no trace of their existence; yet we can feel no reasonable doubt that in every geologic age forms of minute life were as rich in air and on the land as in the sea, or as they now are in all three. Of insect life all but a few traces have passed away, though occasionally, by some rare accident, even so delicate a structure as a butterfly's wing has left its record, not only attesting the existence of hosts of insects, but showing that delicate flowers with all the charms of

sweet perfume and variegated colour existed in those times as in ours. It is no mere speculation, then, but the direct and unquestionable teaching of geology, that throughout the whole time represented by the fossiliferous rocks, life of all kinds was most abundant on our earth.

And while we thus recognize throughout our earth's history as a planet, nature's apparent purpose of providing infinitely varied forms of life at all times and under the most varied conditions, we also perceive that nature possesses a power of modifying the different types in accordance with the varying conditions under which they subsist. Without entering here into the vexed question of the actual extent to which the principle of selection operates, we must admit that it does operate largely, and that it must necessarily cause gradual change of every type of living creature towards the most suitable form. This particular operation of nature must certainly be regarded as an apparent carrying out of the purpose attributed to her by our manner of speaking when we say that nature's one great object is the support of life. If types were unchangeable, life would come to an end upon a globe whose condition is not only not unchangeable, but changes largely in the course of long periods of time. But types of life change, or can change when required, at least as quickly as the surrounding conditions—save in the case of certain catastrophes, which, however, never affect any considerable proportion of the earth's surface.

Nor is it easy to assign any limits to this power of adaptation, though we can scarcely doubt that limits exist. The earth may so change in the course of hundreds of thousands of years to come that none of the chief forms of life, animal or vegetable, at present existing, could live even for a single year under the changed conditions of those distant times, while yet the descendants of creatures now living (including man) may be as well fitted to the circumstances around them as the most favoured races of our own time. Still there must be a limit beyond which the change of the earth's condition, whether through the cooling of her own globe or the diminution of the sun's heat, will be such that no conceivable modification of the types of life now existing could render life possible. It must not be forgotten that nature's power of adaptation is known to be finite in many cases, and, therefore,



must be presumed to be finite in all cases. The very process of selection by which adaptation is secured implies the continual failure of preceding adaptations. The struggle for life involves the repeated victory of death. The individuals which perish in the struggle (that is, which perish untimely) far outnumber those which survive. And what is true of individuals is true of types. Nature is as wasteful of types as she is of life —

So careful of the type ; but no,  
From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, "A thousand types are gone ;  
I care for nothing, *all* shall go."

This is, in truth, what we must believe, if, reasoning by analogy, we pass but one step higher in the scheme of creation. We know that nature, wasteful of individual life, is equally wasteful of types of life. Must we not infer that she is no less wasteful of those aggregations of types which constitute the populations of worlds? Watching her operations a few brief minutes, we might (setting experience aside) suppose her careful of individual life. Watching during a few generations, we should pronounce her careful of the type, though careless of life. But we perceive, when we extend the range of time through which we look, that she is careless no less of the type than of life. Why should this extension of the range of view be the last we should permit ourselves? If we pronounce nature careful of the planetary populations, though careless of the types of life which make up such populations, we are simply declining to take a further step in the course pointed out for us by the teachings of analogy.

Let us go over the ground afresh. Individual creatures, even the most favoured, perish after a time, though the balance may long oscillate between life and death. Weak at first, each creature which is to live grows at length to its full strength, not without vicissitudes which threaten its existence. As its life progresses the struggle continues. At one time the causes tending to decay seem to prevail awhile ; at another, those which restore the vital powers. Disease is resisted again and again ; at first easily, gradually with greater difficulty, until at length death wins the day. So it is with types or orders of living creatures. A favoured type, weak at first, begins after awhile to thrive, and eventually attains its fullest development. But from time to time the type is threatened by dangers.

Surrounding conditions become less favourable. It ceases to thrive, or, perhaps, passes through successive alternations of decay and restoration. At length the time comes when the struggle for existence can manifestly have but one end ; and then, though the type may linger long before it actually disappears, its disappearance is only a question of time. Now, it is true that each type thus flourishing for a while springs from other types which have disappeared. The favoured types of our age are but varieties of past types. Yet this does not show that types will continue to succeed each other in endless succession. For if we consider the matter rightly, we perceive that the analogue of this circumstance is, in the case of individual life, the succession of living creatures generation after generation. And as we know that each family, however large, dies out in the long run unless recruited from without, so we are to infer that the various types peopling this earth, since they cannot be recruited from without, must at length die out, though to our conceptions the time necessary for this process may appear infinite.

To the student of science who recognizes the true meaning of the doctrine that force can be neither annihilated nor created, it will indeed appear manifest that life must eventually perish from the face of the earth ; for he perceives that the earth possesses now a certain fund or store of force in her inherent heat, which is continually though slowly passing away. The sun also, which is a storehouse whence certain forms of force are distributed to the earth, has only a finite amount of energy (though probably the inhabitants of earth are less directly concerned in this than in the finiteness of terrestrial forces). Life of all kinds on the earth depends on both these stores of force, and when either store is exhausted life must disappear from the earth. But each store is in its nature limited, and must one day, therefore, be exhausted.

We have also only to consider that life on the earth necessarily had a beginning, to infer that it must necessarily have an end. Clearest evidence shows how our earth was once "a fluid haze of light," and how for countless æons afterwards her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amidst which no form of life could be conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present "in the midst of

the fire." Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is now known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth.

The reader, doubtless, perceives whither these considerations tend, and how they bear in an especial manner on the opinion we are to form respecting the two planets Mars and Jupiter. We see our earth passing through a vast period, from its first existence as a separate member of the solar system, to the time when life appeared upon its surface; then began a comparatively short period, now in progress, during which the earth has been and will be the abode of life; and after that must follow a period infinite to our conceptions when the cold and inert globe of the earth will circle as lifelessly round the sun as the moon now does. We may, if we please, infer this from analogy, seeing that the duration of life is always infinitely small by comparison with the duration of the region where life appears; so that, by analogy, the duration of life on the earth would be infinitely short compared with the duration of the earth itself. But we are brought to the same conclusion independently of analogy, perceiving that the fire of the earth's youth and the deathly cold of her old age must alike be infinite in duration compared with her period of vital life-preserving warmth. And what is true of the earth is true of every member of the solar system, major planet, minor planet, asteroid, or satellite; probably of every orb in space, from the minutest meteorite to suns exceeding our sun a thousandfold in volume.

Now, if we had any reason to suppose that all the planets sprang simultaneously into being, that each stage of each planet's existence synchronized with the same stage for every other planet, and that life appeared and disappeared at corresponding stages in the existence of every planet, we should perforce accept the theory that at this moment every planet is the abode of life. Not only, however, have we no reason to suppose that any one of these conditions exists (and not one but *all* these conditions must exist before that theory can be accepted), but we have the strongest possible evidence, short of actual demonstration, that the births of the different planets occurred at widely

remote periods, and that the several stages of the different planets' growth differed enormously in duration; while analogy, the only available evidence on the third point, assures us that little resemblance can be supposed to exist between the conditions and requirements of life in different members of the solar system.

On any reasonable hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system, the eight primary planets must have begun to exist as independent bodies at very different periods. If we adopt Laplace's theory of the gradual contraction of a mighty nebula, then we should infer that the planets were formed in the order of their distances from the sun, the remoter planets being those formed first. And according to the conditions of Laplace's hypothesis, the interval separating the formation of one planet from that of its next neighbour on either side must have been of enormous duration. If we prefer the theory of the gradual growth of each planet by processes of accretion, we should infer perhaps that the larger planets took longest in growing to maturity, or preferably that (according to the doctrine of probabilities) a process which for the whole system must have been of inconceivably enormous length, and in which the formation of one planet was in no sort connected with the formation of any other, could not have resulted in bringing any two planets to maturity at the same or nearly the same time, save by so improbable a combination of fortuitous circumstances as may justly be considered impossible. If we consider that the solar system was evolved by a combination of both processes (the most probable theory of the three in our opinion), we must still conclude that the epochs of the formation of the different planets were separated by time-intervals so enormous that the duration of life upon our earth is, by comparison, as a mere second compared with a thousand years.

Again, if we compare any two members of the solar system, except perhaps Venus and the earth, we cannot doubt that the duration of any given stage of the existence of one must be very different from that of the corresponding stage in the other. If we compare, for instance, Mars with the earth, or the earth with Jupiter, and still more, if we compare Mars with Jupiter, we cannot doubt that the smaller orb of each pair must pass much more rapidly through the

different stages of its existence than the larger. The laws of physics assure us of this, apart from all evidence afforded by actual observation; but the results of observation confirm the theoretical conclusions deduced from physical laws. We cannot, indeed, study Mars in such sort as to ascertain his actual physical condition. We know that his surface is divided into lands and seas, and that he possesses an atmosphere; we know that the vapour of water is at times present in this atmosphere; we can see that snows gather over his polar regions in winter and diminish in summer: but we cannot certainly determine whether his oceans are like our own or for the most part frozen; the whitish light which spreads at times over land or sea may be due to clouds or to light snow-falls, for aught that observation shows us; the atmosphere may be as dense as our own or exceedingly rare; the polar regions of the planet may resemble the earth's polar regions, or may be whitened by snows relatively quite insignificant in quantity. In fine, so far as observation extends, the physical condition of Mars may closely resemble that of the earth, or be utterly dissimilar. But we have indirect observational means of determining the probable condition of a planet smaller than the earth, and presumably older—that is, at a later stage of its existence. For the moon is such a planet, and the telescope shows us that the moon in her decrepitude is oceanless, and is either wholly without atmosphere or possessing an atmosphere of exceeding tenuity. Hence we infer that Mars, which, as an exterior planet and much smaller than the earth, is probably at a far later stage of its existence, has passed far on his way towards the same stage of decrepitude as the moon. As to Jupiter, though he is so much farther from us than Mars, we have direct observational evidence, because of the vast scale on which all the processes in progress on his mighty globe are taking place. We see that his whole surface is enwrapped in cloud-layers of enormous depth, and undergoing changes which imply an intense activity (or, in other words, an intense heat) throughout the whole mass of Jupiter. We recognize in the planet's appearance the signs of as near an approach to the condition of the earth, when as yet the greater part of her mass was vaporous, as is consistent with the vast difference necessarily existing between two orbs

containing such unequal quantities of matter.

Mars, on the one hand, differs from the earth in being a far older planet,—*probably*, as respects the actual time which has elapsed since the planet was formed, and *certainly*, as respects the stage of its career which it has now reached. Jupiter, on the other hand, differs from the earth in being a far younger planet, not in years perhaps, but in condition. As to the actual age of Jupiter we cannot form so probable an opinion as in the case of Mars. Mars being an exterior planet, must have *begun* to be formed long before the earth, and, being a much smaller planet, was probably a shorter time in attaining his mature growth: on both accounts, therefore, he would be much older than the earth in years; while, as we have seen, his relative smallness would cause the successive stages of his career subsequent to his existence as an independent and mature planet to be much shorter. Jupiter, being exterior to Mars, presumably began to be formed millions of centuries before that planet, but his bulk and mass so enormously exceed those of Mars, that his growth must have required a far longer time; so that it is not at all certain that even in point of years Jupiter (dating from his maturity) may not be the youngest member of the solar system. But even if not, it is practically certain that, as regards development, Jupiter is far younger than any member of the solar system, save perhaps, his brother giant Saturn, whose greater antiquity and inferior mass (both suggesting a later stage of development) may have been counterbalanced by a comparative sluggishness of growth in the outer parts of the solar domain.

It is manifest from observed facts, in the case of Jupiter, that he is as yet far removed from the life-bearing stage of planetary existence, and theoretical considerations point to the same conclusion. In the case of Mars, theoretical considerations render it extremely probable that he has long since passed the life-bearing stage, and observed facts, though they do not afford strong evidence in favour of this conclusion, suggest nothing which, rightly considered, is opposed to it. It is true that, as we have shown in former essays on this planet, Mars presents many features of resemblance to our earth. The planet rotates in a period not differing much from our day; his

year does not exceed ours so greatly as to suggest relations unpleasantly affecting living creatures; it has been shown that there are oceans in Mars, though it is not quite so clear that they are not for the most part frozen; he has an atmosphere, and the vapour of water is at times present in that atmosphere as in ours; clouds form there; snow falls, and perhaps rain from time to time; ice and snow gather at the poles in winter, and are partially melted in summer; the land surface must necessarily be uneven, seeing that the very existence of continents and oceans implies that once, at any rate, the globe of Mars was subjected to forces resembling those which have produced the irregularities of the earth's surface; glacial action must still be going on there, even if there is no rainfall, and therefore no denuding action corresponding to that which results from the fall of rain on our terrestrial continents. But it is a mistake (and a mistake too commonly made) to suppose that the continuance of those natural processes which are advantageous to living creatures, implies the existence of such creatures. The assumption is that the beneficent processes of nature are never wasted according to our conceptions. Yet we see over and over again in nature not merely what resembles waste, what in fact *is* waste according to our ideas, but an enormous excess of wasted over utilized processes. The sun pours forth on all sides the supplies of light and heat which, where received as on our earth, sustain vegetable and animal life; but the portion received by our earth is less than the two thousand millionth, the portion received by all the planets less than the two hundred and thirty millionth part, of the total force thus continually expended. And this is typical of nature's operations everywhere. The earth on which we live illustrates the truth as clearly as the sun. We are apt to say that it teems with life, forgetting that the region occupied by living creatures of all orders is a mere shell, while the whole interior mass of the earth, far larger in volume, and undergoing far more active processes of change — teeming in fact with energy — contains no living creature, or at least can only be supposed to contain living creatures by imagining conditions of life utterly different from those we are familiar with.

The mere continuance therefore on Mars of processes which on the earth we associate with the existence of life, in reality proves nothing as to the continued

existence of life on Mars. The surface of the moon, for example, must undergo disturbances, — mighty throes, as the great wave of sun-distributed heat circles round her orb once in each lunation, — yet few suppose that there is life, or has been for untold ages, on the once teeming surface of our companion planet. The formation of Mars as a planet must so long have preceded that of our earth, his original heat must have been so much less, his small globe must have parted with such heat as it once had so much more rapidly, Mars lies so much farther from the sun than our earth does, his atmosphere is so much rarer, his supply of water (the temperature-conserving element) is relatively as well as absolutely so much smaller, that his surface must be utterly unfit to support life in the remotest degree resembling the forms of life known on earth (save, of course, those lower forms which from the outset we have left out of consideration). Yet at one time, a period infinitely remote according to our conceptions of time, the globe of Mars must have resembled our earth's in warmth, and in being disturbed by the internal forces which cause that continual remodelling of a planet's surface without which life must soon pass away. Again, in that remote period the sun himself was appreciably younger; for we must remember that although, measured by ordinary time-intervals, the sun seems to give forth an unvarying supply of heat day by day, a real process of exhaustion is in progress *there* also. At one time there must have existed on Mars as near an approach to the present condition of our earth, or rather to her general condition during this life-supporting era of her existence, as is consistent with the difference in the surface-gravity of the planets, and with other differences inherent as it were in their nature. Since Mars must also have passed through the fiery stage of planetary life and through that intermediate period when, as it would seem, life springs spontaneously into being under the operation of natural laws not as yet understood by us, we cannot doubt that when his globe was thus fit for the support of life, life existed upon it. Thus for a season, — enormously long compared with our ordinary time-measures, but very short compared with the life-supporting era of our earth's career, — Mars was a world like our own, filled with various forms of life. Doubtless, these forms changed as the conditions around them changed, advancing or retro-

grading as the conditions were favourable or the reverse, perhaps developing into forms corresponding to the various races of men in the possession of reasoning powers, but possibly only attaining to the lower attributes of consciousness when the development of life on Mars was at its highest, thenceforth passing by slow degrees into lower types as the old age of Mars approached, and finally perishing as cold and death seized the planet for their prey.

In the case of Jupiter, we are guided by observed facts to the conclusion that ages must elapse before life can be possible. Theory only tells us that this mighty planet, exceeding the earth three hundred times in mass, and containing five-sevenths of the mass of the whole system of bodies travelling around the sun, must still retain a large proportion of its original heat, even if we suppose its giant orb took no longer in fashioning than the small globe of our earth. Theory tells us moreover that so vast a globe could not possibly have so small a density (less than one-fourth the earth's) under the mighty compressing force of its own gravity, unless some still more potent cause were at work to resist that tremendous compression — and this force can be looked for nowhere but in the intense heat of the planet's whole mass. But observation shows us also that Jupiter is thus heated. For we see that the planet is surrounded by great cloud-belts such as our own sun would be incompetent to raise, — far more so the small sun which would be seen in the skies of Jupiter if already a firmament had been set "in the midst of the waters." We see that these belts undergo marvellous changes of shape and colour, implying the action of exceedingly energetic forces. We know from observation that the region in which the cloud-bands form is exceedingly deep, even if the innermost region to which the telescope penetrates is the true surface of the planet — while there is reason for doubting whether there may not be cloud-layer within cloud-layer, to a depth of many thousand miles, — or even whether the planet has any real surface at all. And, knowing from the study of the earth's crust that for long ages the whole mass of our globe was in a state of fiery heat, while a yet longer period preceded this when the earth's globe was vaporous, we infer from analogy that Jupiter is passing, though far more slowly, through stages of his existence corresponding with ter-

restrial eras long anterior to the appearance of life upon the scene.

We must, then, in the case of Jupiter, look to a far distant future for the period of the planet's existence as a life-sustainer. The intense heat of the planet must in the course of time be gradually radiated away into space, until at length the time will come when life will be possible. Then, doubtless, will follow a period (far longer than the life-sustaining portion of the earth's existence) during which Jupiter will in his turn be the abode of life. It may be that long before then the sun will have lost so large a proportion of his heat that life on Jupiter will be mainly sustained by the planet's inherent heat. But more probably the changes in the sun's heat take place far more slowly relatively than changes in the condition of any planet, even the largest. Possibly, even, the epoch when Jupiter will have so far cooled as to be a fit abode for life, will be so remote that the sun's fires will have been recruited by the indrawing of the inferior family of planets, including our own earth. For it must be remembered that the periods we have to deal with in considering the cooling of such an orb as Jupiter are so enormous that not merely the ordinary time-measures, but even the vast periods dealt with by geologists must be insignificant by comparison. Yonder is Jupiter still enwrapped in clouds of vapour raised by his internal heat, still seething, as it were, in his primeval fires, though the earth has passed through all the first stages of her existence, and has even long since passed the time of her maturity as a life-sustaining globe. It is no mere fancy to say that all the eras of Jupiter's existence must be far longer than the corresponding terrestrial eras, since we actually see Jupiter in that early stage of his existence, and know that the earth has passed through many stages towards the final eras of decay and death. It is indeed impossible to form any opinion as to the probable condition of the sun or of the solar system when Jupiter shall become fit to support life, seeing that, for aught we know, far higher cycles than those measured by the planetary motions may have passed ere that time arrives. The sun may not be a solitary star, but a member of a star-system, and before Jupiter has cooled down to the life-sustaining condition, the sun's relation to other suns of his own system may have altered materially, although no perceptible changes have occurred during the



relatively minute period (a trifle of four thousand years or so) since astronomy began.

And as, in considering the case of Mars, we suggested the possibility that owing to the relative shortness of that planet's life-sustaining era, the development of the higher forms of life may have been less complete than on our earth thus far (still less than the development of those forms on the earth in coming ages), so we may well believe that during the long period of Jupiter's existence as a life-supporting planet, creatures far higher in the scale of being than any that have inhabited, or may hereafter inhabit, the earth, will be brought into existence. As the rule of nature on earth has been to advance from simple to more complex forms, from lower types to higher, so (following the argument from analogy) we must suppose the law of nature to be elsewhere. And time being a necessary element in any process of natural development, it follows that where nature is allowed a longer time to operate, higher forms, nobler types, will be developed. If this be so, then in Jupiter, the prince of planets, higher forms of animated conscious being will doubtless be developed than in any other planet. We need not indeed point out that the supposition on which this conclusion rests is merely speculative, and that now, when the laws of natural development have so recently begun to be recognized, and are still so imperfectly known, the argument from analogy is (in this particular case) necessarily weak. Nevertheless, analogy points in the direction we have indicated, and it is well to look outwards and onwards in that direction, even though the objects within the field of view are too remote for us to perceive their real forms.

But, limiting our conclusions to those which may be justly inferred from known facts, let us inquire how the subject of life in other worlds presents itself when dealt with according to the relations above considered.

It is manifest at once that whether our new ideas respecting the present condition of Mars or Jupiter be correct or not, the general argument deducible from the analogy of our own earth remains unaffected. If Mars and Jupiter be at this moment inhabited by living creatures, it can only be because these orbs happen to be passing through the life-supporting period of their existence. We have shown that there is strong reason for be-

lieving this not to be the case; but if it is the case, this can only be regarded as a strange chance. For we have learned from the study of our earth, that the life-supporting era of a planet is short compared with the duration of the planet's existence. It follows that any time selected at random in the history of a planet is far more likely to belong to one or other of the two lifeless eras, one preceding, the other following the life-supporting era, than to belong to this short era itself. And this present time *is* time selected at random with reference to any other orb in the universe than our own earth. We are so apt to measure all the operations of nature by our own conceptions of them as well in space as in time, that as the solar system presents itself (even now) as the centre of the universe, so this present time, the era of our own life, or of our nation's life, or of the life of man, or of the existence of organic beings on the earth, or, passing yet a grade higher, the era of our earth's existence as a planet, presents itself to us as the central era of *all* time. But what has been shown to be false with respect to space is equally false with respect to time. Men of old thought that the petty region in which they lived was the central spot of all the earth, and the earth the centre of the universe. After this was shown to be false by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, men clung in turn to the conception that the solar system is central within the universe. The elder Herschel showed that this conception also is false. Even he, however, assigned to the sun a position whence the galaxy might be measured. But it begins to be recognized that this is not so. Nay, not only is the sun no suitable centre whence to measure the stellar system, but the stellar system is for us immeasurable. The galaxy has no centre and no limits; or rather we may say of it what Blaise Pascal said of the universe of space—its centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. The whole progress of modern science tends to show that we must similarly extend our estimate of time. In former ages each generation was apt to regard its own era as critical in the earth's history, that is, according to their ideas, in the history of the universe itself. Gradually men perceived that no generation of men, no nation, no group of nations, occupies a critical or central position in the history of even the human race upon earth, far less in the history of organic life. We may now

pass a step higher, and, contemplating the infinity of time, admit that the whole duration of this earth's existence is but as a single pulsation in the mighty life of the universe. Nay, the duration of the solar system is scarcely more. Countless other such systems have passed through all their stages, and have died out, untold ages before the sun and his family began to be formed out of their mighty nebula; countless others will come into being after the life has departed from our system. Nor need we stop at solar systems, since within the infinite universe, without beginning and without end, not suns only, but systems of suns, galaxies of such systems, to higher and higher orders endlessly, have long since passed through all the stages of their existence as systems, or have all those stages yet to pass through. In the presence of time-intervals thus seen to be at once infinitely great and infinitely little—infininitely great compared with the duration of our earth, infinitely little by comparison with the eternities amidst which they are lost—what reason can we have for viewing any orb in space from our little earth, and saying *now* is the time when that orb is, like our earth, the abode of life? Why should life on that orb synchronize with life on the earth? Are not, on the contrary, the chances infinitely great against such a coincidence? If, as Helmholtz has well said, the duration of life on our earth is but the minutest "ripple in the infinite ocean of time," and the duration of life on any other planet of like minuteness, what reason can we have for supposing that those remote, minute, and no way associated waves of life must needs be abreast of each other on the infinite ocean whose surface they scarcely ripple?

But let us consider the consequences to which we are thus led. Apart from theoretical considerations or observed facts, it is antecedently improbable that any planet selected at random, whether planet of our own system or planet attending on another sun than ours, is at this present time the abode of life. The degree of improbability corresponds to the proportion between the duration of life on a planet, and the duration of the planet's independent existence. We may compare this proportion to that existing between the average lifetime of a man and the duration of the human race. If one person were to select at random the period of a man's life, whether in historic, pre-

historic, or future time, and another were to select an epoch equally at random, save only that it fell *somewhere* within the period of the duration of the human race, we know how exceedingly minute would be the probability that the epoch selected by the second person would fall within the period selected by the first. Correspondingly minute is the *a priori* probability that at this present epoch any planet selected at random is the abode of life. This is not a mere speculation, but an absolute certainty, if we admit as certain the fact, which scarcely any man of science now questions, that the period during which organic existence is possible on any planet is altogether minute compared with that planet's existence.

The same relation is probably true when we pass to higher systems. Regarding the suns we call "the stars" as members of a sidereal system of unknown extent (but one of innumerable systems of the same order), the chance that any sun selected at random is, like our own sun at the present time, attended by a planetary system in one member of which at least life exists, is exceedingly small, if, as is probable, the life-supporting era of a solar system's existence is very short compared with the independent existence of the system. If the disproportion is of the same order as in the case of a single planet, the probability is of the same order of minuteness. In other words, if we select any star at random, it is as unlikely that the system attending on that sun is at present in the life-bearing stage as a system, as it is that any planet selected at random is at present in the life-bearing stage as a planet. This conclusion, indeed, may be regarded as scarcely less certain than the former, seeing that men of science as little doubt the relative vastness of the periods of our sun's history antecedent to and following his present form of existence as a supporter of life, as they doubt the relative vastness of the periods preceding and following the life-supporting era of any given planet. There is, however, just this element of doubt in the case of the star, that the very fact of the star's existence as a steady source of light and heat implies that the star is in a stage in some degree resembling that through which our own sun is now passing. It may be for instance that the prior stages of solar life are indicated by some degree of nebulosity, and the later stages by irregular variations, or by such

rapid dying out in brightness as has been observed in many stars. Yet a sun must be very nebulous indeed—that is, must be at a very early stage in its history—for astronomers to be able to detect its nebulousity; and again, a sun may long have ceased to be a life-supporter, before any signs of decadence measurable at our remote station, and with our insignificant available time-intervals for comparison, are manifested.

As to higher orders than systems of suns we cannot speculate, because we have no means of determining the nature of such orders. For instance the arrangement and motions of the only system of suns we know of, the galaxy, are utterly unlike the arrangement and motions of the only system of planets we know of. Quite possibly systems of sun-systems are unlike either galaxies or solar systems in arrangement and motions. But if by some wonderful extension of our perceptive powers, we could recognize the countless millions of systems of galaxies doubtless existing in infinite space, without however being able to ascertain whether the stage through which any one of those systems was passing corresponded to the stage through which our galaxy is at present passing, the probability of life existing anywhere within the limits of a galaxy so selected at random would be of the same order as the probability that life exists either in a planet taken at random, or in a solar system taken at random. For though the number of suns is enormously increased, and still more the number of subordinate orbs like planets (*in posse* or *in esse*), the magnitude of the time-intervals concerned is correspondingly increased. One chance out of a thousand is as good as a thousand chances out of a million, or as a million out of a thousand millions. Whether we turn our thoughts to planet, sun, or galaxy, the law of nature (recognized as universal within the domain as yet examined), that the duration of life in the individual is indefinitely short compared with the duration of the type to which the individual belongs, assures us, or at least renders it highly probable, that in any member of any of these orders taken at random, *it is more probable that life is wanting than that life exists at this present time*. Nevertheless it is at least as probable that *every member of every order—planet, sun, galaxy, systems of galaxy, and so onwards to higher and higher orders endlessly—has been, is now,*

*or will hereafter be, life-supporting "after its kind."*

In what degree life-supporting worlds, or suns, or systems are at this or any other epoch surpassed in number by those which as yet fulfil no such functions or have long since ceased to fulfil them, it would only be possible to pronounce if we could determine the average degree in which the life-sustaining era of given orbs or systems is surpassed in length by the preceding or following stages. The life-sustaining orbs or systems may be surpassed many thousandfold or many millionfold in number by those as yet lifeless or long since dead, or the disproportion may be much less or much greater. As yet we only know that it must be very great indeed.

But at first sight the views here advanced may appear as repugnant to our ordinary ideas as Whewell's belief that perhaps our earth is the only inhabited orb in the universe. Millions of uninhabited worlds for each orb which sustains life! surely that implies incredible waste! If not waste of matter, since according to the theory every orb sustains life in its turn, yet still a fearful waste of time. To this it may be replied, first that we must take facts as we find them. And, secondly, whether space or matter or time or energy appears to be wasted, we must consider that, after all, space and matter and time and energy are necessarily infinite, so that the portion utilized (according to our conceptions) being a finite portion of the infinite is itself also infinite. Speaking, however, of the subject we are upon, if one only of each million of the orbs in the universe is inhabited, the number of inhabited orbs is nevertheless infinite. Moreover, it must be remembered that our knowledge is far too imperfect for us to be able to assert confidently that space, time, matter, and force, though not utilized according to our conceptions, are therefore necessarily wasted. To the ignorant savage, grain which is planted in a field, instead of being used for food, seems wasted, the wide field seems wasted, the time wasted during which the grain is growing and ripening into harvest; but wiser men know that what looks like waste is in reality a wise economy. In like manner the sun's rays poured on all sides into space so that his circling family receives but the two hundred and thirty millionth portion, seem, to our imperfect conceptions, almost wholly wasted; but,

if our knowledge were increased, we should perhaps form a far different opinion. So it may well be with the questions which perplex us when we contemplate the short duration of the life-sustaining condition of each world and sun and galaxy compared with the whole existence of these several orders. The arrangement which seems so wasteful of space and time and matter and force, may in reality involve the most perfect possible use and employment of every portion of space, every instant of time, every particle of matter, every form of force.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF THE COURT.

The paper on the Court of Queen Victoria in the *Contemporary Review* for this month, if not so interesting as it was expected to be, has nevertheless a certain real importance. It is rumoured to be the work of Mr. Gladstone, the internal evidence of style is in favour of the rumour, and if it is written, or even inspired, by the late premier, it contains, amid much that must be accounted verbiage—we mean no disrespect by the phrase, great orators rarely can write concisely—a definite opinion by a statesman of unusual experience as to the precise position of the sovereign in our modern Constitution. This opinion is summed up in the statement quoted everywhere this week, that during the long reign of Queen Victoria the kingship has finally been transformed by the silent “substitution of influence for power.” Not that the power in its more direct form has wholly departed. According to the essayist, “the whole power of the State periodically returns into the royal hands whenever a ministry is changed,” the sovereign, though no longer able to reject a policy on which her counsellors have decided, as George III. and George IV. for many years rejected Catholic emancipation, being still able to delay, to prevent, or greatly to modify an impending change in the administration. This actually occurred in 1839, on the resignation of Lord Melbourne, when the queen, then a girl, did, says the essayist, by an exercise of will on what was known as the bedchamber question, delay the entrance of Sir Robert Peel to office for two and a half years. Of course Sir Robert

Peel's position as premier, without a clear majority, was a special one; but still he might have formed a sufficiently stable ministry, but for the determined resistance of the queen, a resistance which on the point at issue was ultimately successful. It is rumoured also that a direct exercise of power was made when in 1858 the queen, by positively refusing to sign any more Indian commissions, forced the policy of amalgamation upon her advisers; and in 1851, when Lord Palmerston was so sharply expelled from place, the sovereign's displeasure was certainly the cause. As a rule, however, influence has been substituted for power, and the object of the essayist, apart from his eulogy on the Prince Consort which is just, but in this year of grace a little tiresome, is to show that this transformation, which is now, he believes, “matured,” still leaves the throne a most important factor in the constitutional system.

There can be no doubt that the essayist is correct as to the fact, but the explanations he advances for the fact do not, we confess, content us. That Queen Victoria has great power in Great Britain, much greater power than she is popularly believed to have, is, we imagine, a statement which will be accepted or denied in exact proportion to the questioner's experience or ignorance of the inner political life of this country during the last thirty years; and this power is not derived entirely from either her history, which is only half remembered by the new generation, or her character, which is only partially understood. Any sovereign who would work must, while the throne endures, have in this country a considerable share of power. After all the changes and transformations which have taken place in the authority of the English kings, the occupant of the throne has still a right of secret supervision of the most effective kind. He must be told, often at an immense expenditure of energy, the secret history of everything that occurs. If he objects, he must be persuaded. If he remonstrates, he must be conciliated. If he argues, he must have a reason; and if he writes, he must have an intelligible and adequate reply. Moreover, all these necessities must be complied with in a deferential manner, by men who would lose power if considered to have treated the sovereign with disrespect, and by men who either feel for themselves or recognize that others feel that mystical influence of the

kingship, of its traditional superiority to all other positions, which certainly is neither dead nor dying. Then the sovereign, if a worker, not only gathers more experience than any minister, even a premier, can, seeing all departments, as well as all the jealousies and differences among all their chiefs, but possesses, as the essayist admits, personal means, through relationships, friendships, and accidents, of knowing what is going on abroad, and some special means of influencing current events. Europe is governed by persons who are still invested with power as well as influence, and those persons are greatly moved by the representations of their own caste, of the few human beings with whom they feel on an equality, who do not offend them by plainness—witness the queen's letters on the Spanish marriages—and towards whom they feel bound to maintain an attitude of deferential courtesy. Caste opinion is a great power, and Louis Philippe did not at all like to feel that Queen Victoria thought him in relation to the Spanish intrigue a scamp or worse, while Louis Napoleon did feel himself raised several inches in Europe by the equality to which he was admitted by the queen. Add that the precise limits of power in a constitutional country are almost imperceptible to foreign statesmen, and that the most experienced kings are constantly tempted to forget that prerogative and power are not always continuous—witness the king of Prussia's request for a reprieve of Müller—and we perceive a genuine source of authority vested indestructibly in any sovereign who will use it. Then there is the weight of the sovereign in all questions of the higher patronage. The essayist notes this as equivalent to actual power during a ministerial interregnum, but we conceive that it is in one way a power even when a ministry is in office. The sovereign can no longer make a minister, or a bishop, or a peer by mere fiat, as George III. and at times even George IV. could do, but the range of persons who could be elevated to high posts in spite of a fixed dislike on the part of the crown is very limited. No bishop could be so made, for no bishop can have the support which would make it worth the while of a cabinet seriously to annoy the sovereign in order to secure his nomination. Scarcely any peer could be so made, for the same reason, unless absolutely required for purposes of debate, and scarcely any minister except of

the first class. In every cabinet there are three or four men whom the premier must have, and probably one more whom he will have, but amongst the ruck of aspirants to office, always so much more numerous than the posts to be distributed, the favour or disfavour of the crown would act as a great make-weight or retarding force. A working sovereign who takes trouble, and who recollects careers, has in this influence upon patronage an immense source of authority, which is not the less because the premier through whom it is exercised does not forget that, when parties become equal, the throne holds a deciding voice, or that any king can merely by his privileges of etiquette make any minister brought daily into contact with him very uncomfortable. Finally, there is the influence over the people which resides permanently in the sovereign simply as such, and the extent of which is almost incalculable. The essayist, be he Mr. Gladstone or not, describes and analyzes this influence, so far as it affects society, with great acumen:—"With us, society is passing under many subtle, yet vital changes. It must never be forgotten that wealth is now in England no longer the possession of a few, but rather what is termed a 'drug.' That is to say, it is diffused through a circle so much extended, and so fast extending, that to be wealthy does not of itself satisfy; and the keenness of the unsatisfied desire, aspiring selfishly not to superiority, but rather to the marks of superiority, seeks them above all in the shape of what we term social distinction. But the true test of the highest social distinction in this country is nearness to the monarch; and all this avidity for access, for notice, for favour, expresses an amount of readiness to conform, to follow, to come under influence, which may often be indifferent enough in quality, but is very large in quantity." He does not, however, add, and the reticence may be wise, that the influence of the sovereign over the masses is *possibly* much greater than his influence over society. No occasion for its exercise and no opportunity has arisen since the accession of the House of Hanover, and it is impossible, therefore, to offer evidence of the correctness of an opinion on either side; but we should be much inclined to question whether Lord Brougham's test of the British Constitution was the hardest to which it could possibly be subjected. He dreaded the appearance of a political



genius on the throne, who might burst the constitutional withes. We should dread far more the appearance there of a popular philanthropist, who should enlist the personal devotion of the populace.

The condition, however, upon which all this power accretes to the sovereign seems to us to be work. As we view it, the gradual transformation of the kingship of which Mr. Gladstone speaks has not merely been the substitution of influence for power, but the substitution of a baton for a sceptre, — of a symbol, that is, which it requires effort to wield, for a symbol which expresses itself. An unpopular king might have great power in England, for he might have great weight upon the minds of her governing men. A Mr. Ayrton on the throne is quite conceivable, and would certainly be no lay-figure. A vicious king, if genial, might have power, for popularity and character are by no means quite so closely allied as moralists would wish. But an idle king would, we conceive, exercise very little power in Great Britain. A king who did not keep up a suffocating correspondence would soon find himself politically forgotten. A king who did not watch careers would at once lose his influence on politics. A king who did not study the information placed before him would soon find his remonstrances turned aside, or if he were troublesome as well as ignorant, would soon receive respectful representations telling him in humble language that the State coach must go on. The influence over the people might be given up, as it was never acquired by any of the Georges but the Third. The influence over society is not essential, and has, in fact, been surrendered by the reigning monarch under a passion for seclusion. But the habit of work — work in order not only to perform duty, but to retain weight — is indispensable, and it is this necessity of labour which seems to us likely to become the burden of the English kingship. A king must work, as a premier must work, or the throne will be what the essayist so justly argues it is not now, an illusion. What has departed from the throne is not influence, not even power, though power has to be exercised through a heavy resisting medium, but inherent force, the force which makes itself felt without exertion or effort, the force which in Asia and in Europe during genuinely monarchical times has resided in men as insensible as statues or as feeble as children. Reigning, as well as governing, has in England become a busi-

ness, and like any other business, can suffer from fitful industry or neglect.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
ITALY AND THE POPE.

THE rumours that are heard from time to time of a reconciliation between the Papal and the Italian governments seem to be premature rather than untrue. It is so plainly to the interest of both powers to dwell together in unity that the idea is not likely to be long absent from the thoughts of one or other of them. The revolution which laid the foundation of Italian unity was eminently conservative in its tendencies. Occasionally, no doubt, it suited the purpose of the king or his ministers to make common cause with the Radicals, but on the whole they saw clearly enough that if the monarchy was to be retained there must be no irreparable breach with the Church. An alliance with the sworn enemies of the clergy would have united them to a party in whose ultimate aims the monarchy had no place. Whenever a decisive step in the direction of extending or consolidating the Italian kingdom had to be taken, it was taken without any regard to the feelings or opinions of the pope; and as often as these occasions occurred the Radical party allowed themselves to hope that the government had made a reconciliation impossible. But common interests have a strange power of drawing people together, even when events seem to have separated them past hope, and though the king and his ministers have been excommunicated, they have still contrived to live in decent harmony with the Italian bishops and clergy. The government cannot afford to alienate that large section of the population which regards political irreligion as closely allied to Communism. These people do not object to many things which the pope denounces. They have probably a secret conviction that the Church will be all the better for losing a large part of its wealth, and they are quite content that the pope should enjoy no greater independence than is secured to him by the law of guarantees. They do not say this openly, because they do not want to quarrel with their priest, and they know that their priest, though he may in his heart hold similar opinions, would be bound to rebuke them in the laity on pain of quarrelling with his bishop. But

they are glad when the government shows that it is still anxious to effect some kind of agreement between the spiritual and civil powers, and though they have probably not much hope of this being accomplished during the reign of Pius IX., they find satisfaction in the belief that the government is as much alive as they are to the importance of not irritating the bishops or clergy into making common cause with the pope. There are moments when under Radical pressure an Italian minister will seem to forget this class of persons altogether, and to be bent upon satisfying the class which hates the pope as cordially as the pope hates a Freemason or an Old Catholic, and would like, if it had the power, to deal with him in an equally summary fashion. But this disposition is never lasting; it has its root in the momentary needs of political strategy, and when these are satisfied the motives which permanently determine the ecclesiastical policy of the government regain their sway.

If the moderate section of the Italian laity is anxious to keep on good terms with the Church, we may be sure that the moderate section of the Italian priesthood is equally though less openly anxious to keep on good terms with the government. The points upon which the pope has quarrelled with the king of Italy are not really of a kind to interest the inferior clergy. The overthrow of the temporal power has made but little change in their worldly condition; the secularization of the property of the religious orders has gratified the concealed but immemorial dislike of the secular to the regular clergy; and, though those of them who have been in the habit of visiting Rome may regret the suspension of the ecclesiastical pomp which made the Church so glorious in the eyes even of unbelievers, they are probably aware that the pope's imprisonment is self-inflicted, and that if he were willing to show himself once more in St. Peter's, it is not the Italian government that would wish to prevent him. Nor is it among the inferior clergy only that the existence of these and similar views may be suspected. The Italian cardinals must have lost the traditional acuteness of their race and order if their opinions on the relations of the Catholic Church with the civil power have not been modified by the recent action of the Prussian government. When Cavour gave expression to the formula, "a free Church in a free State," the Roman court compared the state of

things which it described with a state of things which they undoubtedly liked very much better. They were familiar with a free Church in an obedient State, with a Church which had everything her own way in a State which in ecclesiastical matters was willing—for a consideration—to do the Church's bidding. All their theories of the necessary and indissoluble union of Church and State were based upon this experience, and Cavour's maxim conveyed nothing to their minds but the emancipation of the State from the salutary control which they had previously exercised over it. Prince Bismarck has introduced them to the other side of the shield. He has proved by example that there is a form of union between Church and State which is infinitely more irksome to the Church than total separation—a union of which the outward and visible symbols are fines, imprisonment, and sequestrations. As compared with the state of things now existing in Prussia, the Italian *modus vivendi* must seem positively attractive. If Victor Emmanuel is not exactly a nursing-father to the Church, he is not the taskmaster that the Emperor William is. The fact that there is a strong anti-clerical minority in Italy may strengthen these dispositions among the higher clergy, because it may protect them against that temptation to grasp at too much which has involved them in so many disasters. If the Italian people were all of one mind in this matter, the cardinals might still dream of upsetting the political settlement of Italy. In the presence of a compact Radical section in the Chamber and in the country, to attempt this would be to court inevitable defeat, a defeat which might extend far beyond the points involved in the particular conflict.

There is no need to refer to those features in Victor Emmanuel's character which are likely more and more to dispose him to make his peace with the Church. His temper, even at the times when it has been most distinctively Italian and anti-Papal, has never been in the least Protestant or even anti-Ultramontane. If the pope would leave him in undisputed possession of his dominions, he would probably submit with perfect readiness to any purely spiritual claims which the Church might choose to put forward. He is not subject to intellectual doubts, and has never been in the least troubled by the Vatican or any other decrees. Putting politics aside, he

would subscribe the Syllabus at a moment's notice. But, though these qualities would lead the king to welcome any improvement in the relations between himself and the Church, they are of less importance than might be supposed, because, whenever the reconciliation is accomplished, the king's and even the government's part in it will be only secondary. Italy can have but little to give to Rome that she has not already offered. The change of mind that will have the really decisive influence on the result must be a change of mind on the part of the Church. There is nothing to make this probable so long as Pius IX. lives; but, unless circumstances are greatly changed by the time that he dies, it may be looked for with some confidence from his successor.

---

From The Spectator.

#### TWO VIEWS OF ANNIHILATION.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD, in replying to the rather tenuous argument of the authors of the "Unseen Universe" for a spiritual world, in the new number of the *Fortnightly*, expresses in keen language his scorn and weariness of the effort of intellectual men to hold fast to any remnant of Christianity or of spiritual belief. "My brothers," he says to the authors he is addressing, — and when a Carlylese layman addresses any body as his brothers, in the vocative case, we are at once aware that he is endeavouring in his largeness of heart to console them by this candid admission of the fraternal tie for being worth very much less both intellectually and spiritually than they had ventured to hope, indeed, that he is pitying them for their delusions, and trying to make it up to them in the only way he can, by acknowledging, in spite of his own freedom from such delusions, his kinship to them all the same, — "that which you keep in your hearts, my brothers, is the slender remnant of a system which has made its red mark on history, and still lives to threaten mankind. The grotesque forms of its intellectual belief have survived the discredit of its moral teaching. Of this what the kings would bear with, the nations have cut down; and what the nations left, the right heart of man by man revolts against day by day. You have stretched out your hands to save the dregs of the sifted remnant of a residuum. Take heed, lest

you have given soil and shelter to the seed of that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations, and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live amongst men." That is a somewhat dark oracle in itself, as indeed, is a good deal of the remainder of Professor Clifford's essay; but to those who have read it, it will, at least, be clear that amongst the "seed of that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations" must be reckoned the belief in God and the belief in immortality, — an immortality with the natural and, as the essayist admits, healthy desire for which, as it exists in almost all the members of civilized races, he deals very curtly and cavalierly indeed. "Longing for deathlessness," he says, with that authority of tone which belongs to him, "means simply shrinking from death: " —

If we could think of death without shrinking, it would only mean that this world was no place for us, and that we should make haste to be gone to make room for our betters. And therefore that love of action which would put death out of sight is to be counted good, as a holy and healthy thing (one word whose meanings have become unduly severed), necessary to the life of man, serving to knit them together and to advance them in the right. Not only is it right and good thus to cover over and dismiss the thought of our own personal end, to keep in mind and heart always the good things that shall be done, rather than ourselves who shall or shall not have the doing of them; but also to our friends and loved ones we shall give the most worthy honour and tribute, if we never say nor remember that they are dead, but, contrariwise, that they have lived; that hereby the brotherly force and flow of their action and work may be carried over the gulfs of death, and made immortal in the true and healthy life which they worthily had and used. It is only when the bloody hands of one who has fought against the light and the right are folded and powerless for further crime that it is kind and merciful to bury him, and say, "The dog is dead." But for you noble and great ones, who have loved and laboured yourselves not for yourselves, but for the universal folk, in your time, not for your time only, but for the coming generations, for you there shall be life as broad and far-reaching as your love, for you life-giving action to the utmost reach of the great wave whose crest you sometime were.

That says, we suppose, though in language somewhat disguised by its eloquence and its archaic style of enthusiasm, that it is healthy to be so absorbed in life as to forget annihilation; that it

is healthy to forget that good men are dead and gone, and to recall them only in the good they have left behind them; that it is natural to dwell on the fact of death only in connection with people whose activity was mischievous, in which case it is a healthy and consoling triumph to remind oneself that "the dog is dead," — but that while all living force is apt to dwell in imagination on future forms of energy, the wish for a personal life surviving the energy of the body and brain is a morbid and distorted hope, of which wise men will take care to divest themselves as soon as possible. The desire for immortality, says the professor, so far as it is sound at all, is due simply to the abundance of our vital energy which cannot imagine non-existence:—"The martyr cannot think of his own end, because he lives in the truth he has proclaimed; with it and with mankind he grows into greatness, through ever new victories over falsehood and wrong. But there is another way [of excluding the image of death]. Since, when men have died, such orderly, natural, and healthy activity as we have known in them and valued their lives for, has plainly ceased, we may fashion another life for them, not orderly, not natural, not healthy, but monstrous or *super-natural*, whose cloudy semblance shall be eked out with the dreams of uneasy sleep, or the crazes of a mind diseased. And it is to this that the universal shrinking of men from death, which is called a yearning for immortality, is alleged to bear witness." Clearly in the only sense in which it is of any significance to use the phrase, there is in Professor Clifford's mind no such thing as a natural or healthy dread of annihilation, though he admits, in place thereof, a natural and healthy indisposition to anticipate the end of living and glowing energies. It is the attempt to picture a life different from the present, beyond the present, which to him is essentially hysterical and unhealthy. There is nothing good and true in ourselves which has not its sphere in this present life. What affects to be unsatisfied and out of proportion here, is only the sickly part of us, not the healthy.

It is curious to contrast with this enthusiastically expressed view of personal annihilation as the adequate and natural end of all human energy, the eloquent denunciation of the doctrine of an even partial annihilation which Mr. Baldwin Brown has just delivered in five lectures

to his congregation at Brixton,\* as a doctrine not only untrue to the gospel of Christ, but even insulting to the natural religion of humanity. Professor Clifford will feel it an indignity, we fear, to be compared with any man whose chief occupation it has been and is to preach faith in Christ to mankind; but yet Mr. Baldwin Brown seems to us to have the advantage of Professor Clifford in the simplicity and manliness of his eloquence, — besides that, to our minds, he knows very much better the difference between what is genuine and what is hysterical in the heart of man. The special object of Mr. Baldwin Brown's lectures is to confute a school that has lately sprung up, both in the Established Church and out of it, which preaches in one form or another that Christ offered immortality only to those who believed in him and obtained new life in him, and that for all others is reserved the fate of an annihilation which is as much due to the operation of natural laws as is the annihilation of the lower animals. Of course, this new form of doctrine is due in part to the horror felt for the old teaching about eternal punishments, in part also to the impression made on the minds of students of the Bible by a few passages here and there which seem to point to the final extinction of all evil spirits in spiritual death. But Mr. Baldwin Brown rejects the doctrine with a wholesome heartiness. He rejects it partly because it would introduce a doctrine of caste into Christianity, and put the broadest possible gulf between the elect souls with eternal life in them, and the souls in whom no such seed of life had been planted. "In place of a great human family of sorrow, struggle, and aspiration, amidst which, as the brother of the poorest and the saddest, the Saviour moved, they give us a few godlike, lofty forms,—or say that they give us, men complain that they cannot see them,—endowed with a nature that cannot perish, and like unto the angels, moving about as the Brahmins of creation, amidst innumerable creatures who look like them, speak like them, love like them, but are perishing pariahs born from the dust. To me this is simply a horrible picture of the great world of men." And so, no doubt, it would be to Professor Clifford. Both thinkers alike,

\* The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: Henry S. King and Co.

the believer in annihilation and the believer in immortality, would have nothing to say to a doctrine which divides men into castes radically distinguished from each other. Only while one of these finds his principle of brotherhood solely in this life, and ridicules the notion of looking for it to an unimaginable life beyond, Mr. Baldwin Brown finds it in the spiritual life, to which Christ gives the law, and of which Christ presents the type.

We think the issue between them, as regards, at least, the view of immortality and annihilation, might fairly be said to turn on this,—whether or not Professor Clifford is right or wrong in saying that “longing for deathlessness means simply shrinking from death.” If it does, the brotherhood of man is a brotherhood born of keen but temporary sympathies, and cemented by the prospect of a common annihilation. If it does not, the brotherhood of man is a brotherhood born of the common glimpse and participation of something which is infinitely beyond us, which never does get itself adequately shadowed forth at all in this life, and which instead of dying out of us, as human intensity begins to fail and human activity to dwindle, only becomes the fuller and brighter, because it does not depend on us at all, but on a greater life which is in ours, though not of ours. According to Professor Clifford, it is the human vitality in us, and that only, which protests against the image of death. According to Mr. Baldwin Brown, it is the divine light, often waxing as that vitality wanes, which renders the conception of annihilation not only frightful, but unnatural,—and the more unnatural, the less there is of ourselves, and the more there is of that which is not ourselves, to light up the gloom beyond. Unquestionably the belief in immortality should wane with waning life and energy, if Professor Clifford’s view were true. It is nothing but the shadow of our own abundant activities and affections, and should fade as those activities diminish and those affections sober down. The very opposite seems to us to be the truth. The life of youth and energy is the light which puts out the stars. “If light can thus deceive,” said Blanco White, “wherefore not life?” The “longing for deathlessness” is so far from being a “shrinking from death,” that it is a growing yearning for that which in life we have never really possessed, though we have tasted it. It is a longing which

deepens as the gladness of human faculty fails, which survives the keenness of the sense of beauty, the purity of scientific enthusiasm, the intoxication of human power,—for it is a longing which is fixed upon God, and which is fed by God. For our own parts, we believe that the brotherhood of the negative scientific creed, the creed whose only immortality springs from the stream of consequences which flow from your actions,—an immortality which seems to us quite as accessible to the wicked as to the good, and quite as likely to be enjoyed by the one as by the other,—in short, the brotherhood in energy here and in nothingness hereafter,—is a sort of brotherhood which will not make brothers, but will rather make very suspicious and mutually distrustful allies. The brotherhood of Christ, on the other hand, is a brotherhood in the Head of which we are mere members, in the fire of love of which we are but the coldest sparks, in the holiness of which we are but the penitent worshippers,—and that is a brotherhood which cannot easily fail, even while the heart beats high, and still less when the pulses begin to sink, and the last frost to steal upon us.

#### A SEQUENCE OF ANALOGIES.

##### I.

AUTUMN is drear,  
The trees they are sere,  
And she that is dear  
Is far far away;  
I wander in night  
For lack of her sight,  
For she is my light  
And she is my day.

The year it is dying,  
The leaves are all lying  
Where sad winds go sighing  
Through forest and grove;  
My heart it is failing  
Through hope unavailing,  
Through weeping and wailing  
For her that I love.

Rest! Rest and peace!  
Death is our release,  
Our haven where cease  
All the ills of our clay.  
When spirits are freed  
From this earthly weed,  
They will live above  
With those they love  
In a glorious summer-time, ever and aye.



## II.

The flower of purest whiteness,  
That blooms in a lonely dell,  
Wastes not its heavenly brightness,  
Though none of its beauty may tell.  
A spirit its life has tended,  
And guarded its home with love,  
And when its time is ended  
Shall bear it to bloom above.

The songs that the skylark singeth  
When no one is nigh to hear  
Are not lost as she heavenwards wingeth,  
Though heard by no mortal ear.  
The Spirit of Music has stayed them  
As they fled on the wings of the breeze,  
And among her best treasures has laid them  
With stream-songs and sighs of the trees.

E'en so the love that unfailling  
Yet finds no response on earth,  
Shall not die all unavailing  
Though no one may learn its worth.  
The angels themselves shall claim it  
When its trial-time here is past,  
And Heaven, where nought shall shame it,  
Shall answer its hope at last.

## III.

Brightest dreams may be forgotten  
And fade from out the heart,  
Love by earthly thoughts engendered  
Soon faints when lovers part.  
Dearest hopes may be despaired of,  
And beauty lose her art :  
These are earthborn, and must fade  
In Lethe with the bliss they made.

Hopes that are in Heaven sealed  
There shall perish never,  
Love that springs from souls' divineness  
Floweth on forever.  
Purer spirits knit by loving  
Nought on earth shall sever,  
Till together as they roam  
They reach their everlasting home.

## IV.

Beings drawn to one another  
Join by Nature's law at last.  
Lovers earnest to each other  
Meet before all hope is past.  
Somehow in time fitting  
Before their souls are flitting,  
Or elsewhere — who can tell ?  
Soon after the passing-bell.

Nought is lost which has existence,  
Even a careless thought of wrong ;  
Though its work be in the distance  
Fruit will come, for laws are strong.  
Glorious thoughts seem wasted,  
Longed-for joys untasted. —  
'Tis not so. Time goes on :  
Eternity's not done.

'Tis not that which seems most cheerful  
To our feebly groping minds :  
Often 'tis a lot more tearful  
Which the skein of fate unwinds :  
Often 'tis a kindness  
We see not through our blindness.  
So are we wroth at pain  
And notice not our gain.

Love is far too great a wonder.  
Is it pain or is it joy ?  
Lovers moan when they're asunder ;  
Are their sweets without alloy ?  
Yet 'twill bloom in season :  
Want of trust is treason :  
Somehow in time fitting  
Before our souls are flitting,  
Or after — who can tell  
What is beyond that passing-bell ?

## V.

When May is blooming fair, love,  
And sweet birds all are singing ;  
When May is blooming fair, love,  
And buds are all outspringing,  
We'll seek some quiet bank of thyme  
Where lights and shadows play,  
And think upon our love's first prime  
Till falling of the day.

When summer suns are bright, dear,  
And fields with gold are glowing ;  
When summer suns are bright, dear,  
And gay flowers are a-blowing,  
We'll rest beside some merry stream  
In a deep bowery wood,  
And muse upon the tender dream  
That fills our souls with good.

When silent winter sleepeth,  
And hoar-frost sparkles brightly ;  
When the year dying weepeth,  
And snows lie gleaming whitely,  
We'll say, "'Tis time to pass away,  
For death in love is sweet ;  
It is but birth to brighter day  
Which we should gladly greet —  
To find beyond that opening door  
Our love unchanged forevermore."

## VI.

The light of evening fadeth fast,  
The sun's bright ray no longer glows ;  
The daily toil of earth is past,  
And weary hearts may seek repose :  
May no sound mar their sleep  
Who only thus may cease to weep.

E'en so with kindly hand may death,  
When age's twilight falleth round us,  
Our eyelids close, and still our breath,  
And with the veil of sleep surround us,  
Until the dawn shall come  
And wake us in a painless home.

C. H. H. P.